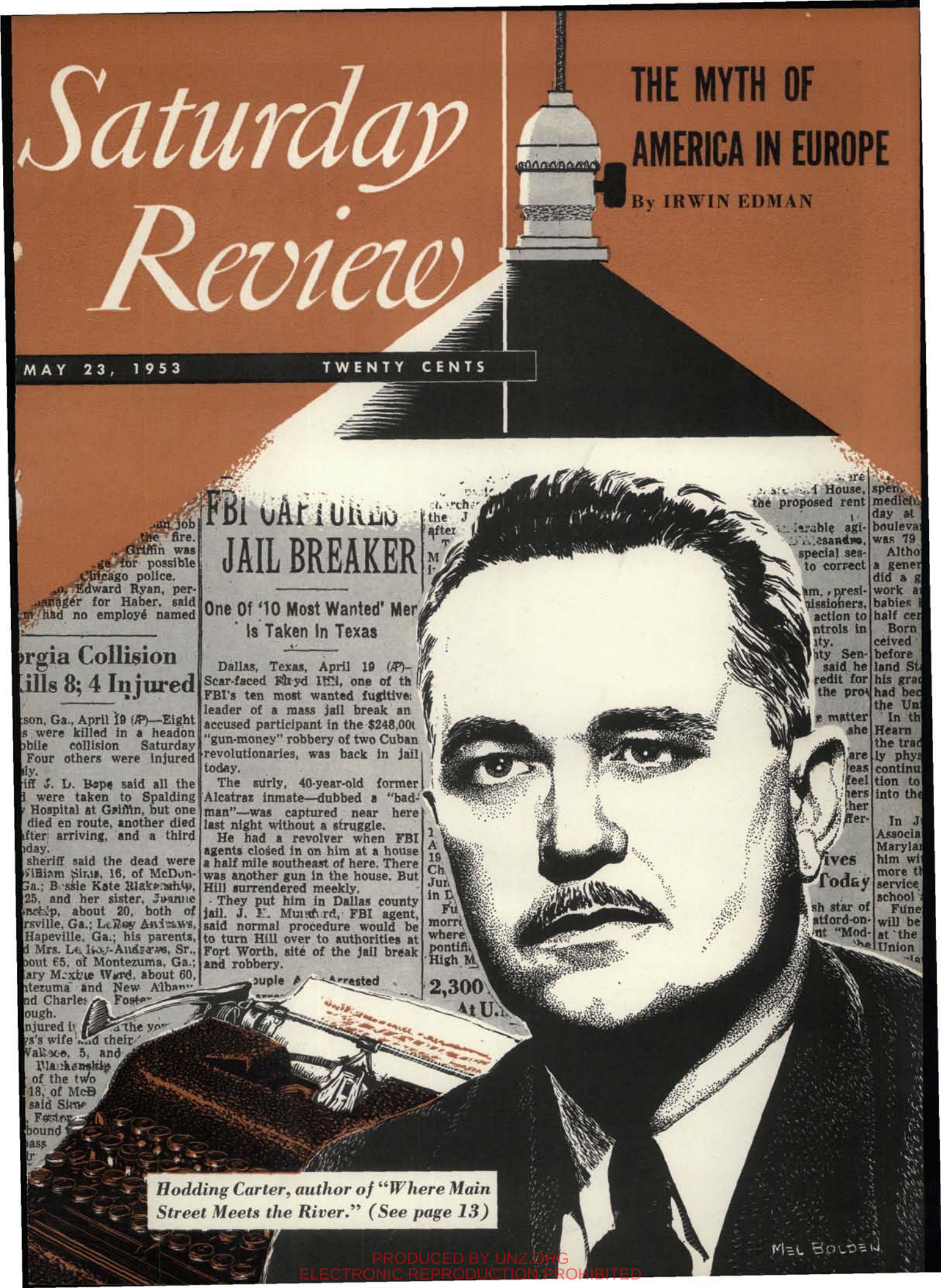
Saturday Review

THE MYTH OF AMERICA IN EUROPE

By IRWIN EDMAN

MAY 23, 1953 TWENTY CENTS


FBI CAPTURES
JAIL BREAKER
One Of '10 Most Wanted' Men Is Taken In Texas
Dallas, Texas, April 19 (AP)—Scar-faced Floyd Hill, one of th FBI's ten most wanted fugitives leader of a mass jail break an accused participant in the $248,00 "gun-money" robbery of two Cuban revolutionaries, was back in jail today.
The surly, 40-year-old former Alcatraz inmate—dubbed a "bad-man"—was captured near here last night without a struggle.
He had a revolver when FBI agents closed in on him at a house a half mile southeast of here. There was another gun in the house. But Hill surrendered meekly.
They put him in Dallas county jail. J. E. Mumford, FBI agent, said normal procedure would be to turn Hill over to authorities at Fort Worth, site of the jail break and robbery.
rgia Collision
ills 8; 4 Injured
Today
MEL BOLDEN

Hodding Carter, author of "Where Main Street Meets the River." (See page 13)

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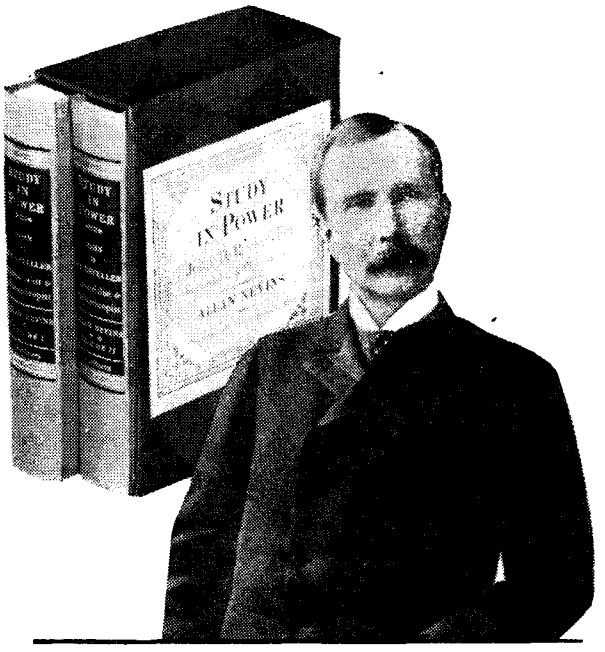

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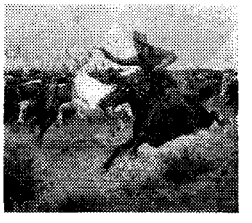

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For persons interested in travel there are two types of books. First, and most important, are those that make you want to visit a place: Jane Austen's novels, "The Shropshire Lad," Hardy's Wessex books, to name a few from my own reading.

¶ Then there are the histories, guidebooks and travel books that tell you where to go and how and why. One of these, which I have used on two trips, is "Richard Joseph's World Wide Travel Guide."

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L. L. Day
EDITOR-AT-LARGE

Richard Joseph is also the author of the Coronation Year Edition of "Your Trip to Britain" and "Richard Joseph's World Wide Money Converter and Tipping Guide." All of Mr. Joseph's books are published by Doubleday & Company of 575 Madison Avenue, New York City, and may be obtained from your bookseller.

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Good News

▶ In his annual report to the Secretary of Agriculture, Richard E. McArdle, chief of the Forest Service, disclosed this unique information: "By application of accumulated basic research, a Forest Products Laboratory specialist saved the Government nearly $2,000,000 in connection with a large hangar in which one wood truss had failed. A cost of $10,000 for replacement of a key wood truss instead of $2,000,000 for complete replacement of its roof structure (as contemplated before the inspection) resulted from an examination and recommendation by the FPL engineer."

▶ Walden, N. Y., recently elected its first woman mayor. Mrs. James M. Johnston, a lifelong Republican, did not campaign for office and made no political promises. The office of mayor pays no salary in Walden.

▶ Two Eastern universities—Syracuse and the Hartford Seminary Foundation—have just announced a new joint program to train men and women to write simple leaflets and articles for the millions of adults who are learning to read in underdeveloped countries around the world. The program is designed to assist technicians in countries abroad where development projects are either being carried out or still in the process of planning.

▶ Wallace Turner, of *The Portland Oregonian,* has won the American Newspaper Guild's competition for the 1952 Heywood Broun Award for his stories exposing fraud in the purchase of timberlands in Oregon and Washington from Indians. Mr. Turner's newspaper stories resulted in a Federal grand jury indictment against three men and the dismissal of two others from the Indian Bureau office in Portland. The original sales were set aside by Federal court decree and new sales ordered.

▶ E. H. Gilpin, of Louisville, Ky., has a problem. He understands better than his friends the secret of happiness and long life. He is ninety-five years old, and has kept a general store for seventy-five years. Last month it burned down, and his friends think he should retire. But Mr. Gilpin doesn't find it much fun loafing. "Some folks say they can get along without working, but I don't see how they do it," he reports. "I think I'll build a modern, self-service store." There's nothing like being busy and up-to-date at ninety-five. Never mind those friends, E.H. Go to it!

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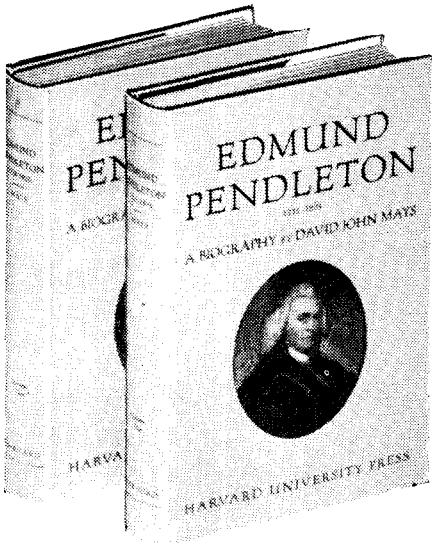

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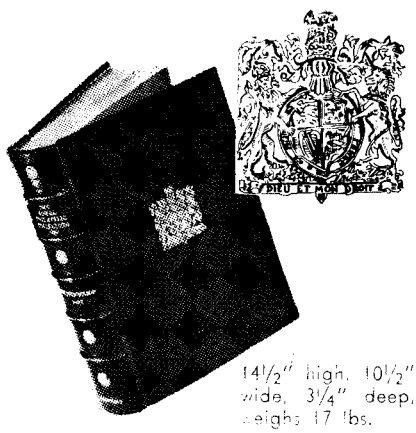

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TRADE Winds

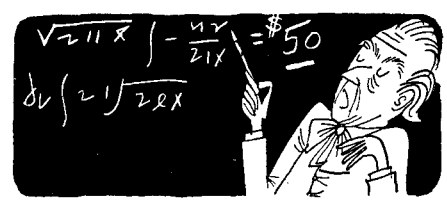
AFTER THIRTY-FOUR YEARS of covering the Broadway stage for metropolitan newspapers, and meeting every celebrity the world of make-believe can boast, Ward Morehouse still loves—in fact, adores—journalism, the theatre, and New York City itself. Since I share his enthusiasm to the full, I find his disarming book of memoirs, "Just the Other Day" (McGraw-Hill $4), just about the most beguiling reading of the spring season. Ward has been my personal friend for most of those thirty-four years he's been away from his yellow pines in Georgia, and in all that time I've never known him to betray one ideal or be false for even an instant to the elaborate code of Southern courtesy and gallantry he inherited. His book is a reflection of all the things in which he believes.

WARD'S FIRST JOURNALISTIC CHORES were performed for the *Savannah Press*. For the princely wage of nine dollars a week, he did city-news odds and ends and wrote a sports column under the pseudonym of "J. Alexander Finn." One day he picked an all-Savannah scholastic football team, and was rash enough to omit the name of a stalwart named Bubber Bryson. Bubber did not take kindly to this discrimination. In fact, he sent a member of his retinue down to the *Press* office to beat the bejabbers out of young Morehouse. The editor-in-chief surveyed the damage to Ward's cherubic countenance and beamed, "This is a mighty fine thing to happen, boy! Shows your column's being read!"

"Legit" was still thriving in the sticks in those days, and when Billie Burke, Will Rogers, Raymond Hitchcock, and Margaret Anglin in turn played Savannah cub-reporter Morehouse got his first heady taste of footlight glamor. Moving up a peg, he landed a job on the *Atlanta Journal*,

where another fellow named Ward had the only good typewriter. This was Ward Greene, now high nabob of King Features, and his copy was so good, the editor enthused, "When Jimmy Greene writes it's like butter on battercakes." There were two other members of that staff whose names will be familiar to you: Lawrence Stallings and Margaret Mitchell, even then making preliminary notes for "Gone With the Wind." In fact, the *Journal*'s editor, John Paschall, complained, "How are we going to get out a newspaper around here? We've got nothing but authors!"

WHAT WARD WAS BUSTIN' to accomplish, of course, was that long, long jump to New York. He made it in 1919, and landed with the *Tribune*. One of his first assignments was to sound out Professor Jacoby at Columbia University on the Einstein Theory. Ward didn't tell the assistant man-



aging editor, whom he describes as slim, dark, brilliant, and sardonic," and whose name was Lester Markel, that down Georgia way he never had even heard of the Einstein Theory. Up to Columbia he subwayed, and soon discovered that Professor Jacoby was disinclined to be interviewed unless he jolly well got paid for it. Ward phoned Markel, who, deeply impressed, exclaimed, "Good God! I didn't know there was a businessman on Morningside Heights! Give him fifty dollars!" Ward has considered himself an expert on relativity ever since.

THE NAME OF WARD MOREHOUSE was already familiar to patrons of the drama in New York when another youngster from Georgia came up to court success on the Great White Way. This one was a girl—blonde, lovely, talented, and irrepressible. Her name was Miriam Hopkins, and Ward and I both conceived a boundless appreciation of her many gifts (of which silence was not one). My boss at the moment, publisher Horace Liveright, was persuaded to give Miriam her first big opportunity in the dramatization of Dreiser's "An American Tragedy," and it earned her stardom. Pat Kearney, the wild-eyed Irishman who authored the stage version, showed his gratitude for her efforts by bursting into her Waverly

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Miss Douglas of New York

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Place house one night when Ward and I were in attendance and announcing his intention of carving his initials on her torso with a butcher knife. The idea did not particularly

appeal to Missy Hopkins, and the rest of that night took on the aspect of an Alfred Hitchcock chase picture.

THERE ARE TWO CHAPTERS in "Just the Other Day" that stand out in particular. One is a revealing study of the late Gertrude Lawrence, the other a moving account of the day the *New York Sun* went to press for the last time. The book concludes with a nostalgic sigh for the Georgia backwoods, and a hint that Ward will soon go back there with his lovely bride, Becky, to end his days. Personally, I don't believe he's got a prayer. New York—and in particular the wonderful part of it centering about Sardi's and Shubert Alley—is too deeply ingrained in his soul!

EDNA FERBER, back from a holiday in Europe aboard the *Queen Elizabeth*, took a quick look at New York and failed to find in it the beauties that won Ward Morehouse's heart. "Disgustingly filthy," were the words, in fact, that ship news reporters quoted her as using. Then she added that the streets were "covered with garbage," the buildings were "gray and dirty," and that even on Park Avenue "windows cannot be opened because of the soot and dirt in the air." Central Park she pronounced "unfit for a self-respecting goat." In short, the whole of New York, she concluded, is "a scab on the face of the country." What our town obviously needs is a new mayor who has brains, determination, guts, know-how, and the ability to achieve results in the face of any odds. Nominations are now in order for the 1953 campaign, and we hereby make ours. For Mayor of New York: Edna Ferber.

THE NEWSPAPER EDITORS of America, gathered for their annual conclave at the Waldorf, had plenty to say, too, about the bogged-down condition of Manhattan, and the hopelessly snarled traffic situation. While other cities have been making valiant efforts to keep the trucks and taxis rolling, New York's do-nothing administration has made nary a move . . . Three

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editors, late for the Banshee Club luncheon because it took them twenty minutes to negotiate the three blocks from Sixth Avenue to Park, waxed properly indignant about the snafu, but were soothed by the show provided for them by the same Ward Greene Mr. Morehouse encountered in Atlanta years ago. The cast consisted merely of Danny Kaye, Jimmy Durante, Herb Shriner, and the entire corps of Rockettes from Radio City Music Hall, emceed by "Bugs" Baer. Even the awesome assemblage of journalistic brass was visibly bowled over.

The day's heartiest laugh was garnered by Shriner. "You important fellows," he opined, "mightn't think this rated the front page, but in my home town in Indiana we had a murder the local editor considered right unusual. A woman on Main Street sharpened her husband's head down to a pin-point and drove it into the ground with a croquet mallet. Funniest thing about the whole case was that till the day she did it we never even knew she played croquet!"

And while the audience was laughing, Ed Murrow leaned over to tell us that the perpetrator of the first be-bop joke had been discovered. It was none other than Teddy Roosevelt —who thundered to Colonel Goethals, "Dig that ditch!"

—Bennett Cerf.

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A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 518 will be found in the next issue.

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—*Saturday Review*

LEON EDEL was born in Pittsburgh in 1907 and received his Doctorate at the Sorbonne for a thesis on James. As Guggenheim fellow, he edited *The Complete Plays of Henry James.* He has been visiting professor at Harvard and New York universities and recently gave the Christian Gauss Seminar in Criticism at Princeton.

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—*The Christian Science Monitor*

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The Saturday Review | MAY 23, 1953

THE MYTH OF AMERICA IN EUROPE

By IRWIN EDMAN

Professor Edman is Johnsonian professor of philosophy at Columbia University and the author of "Philosopher's Quest," "Arts and the Man," and other books.

I HAVE known France on longer or shorter visits over a period of thirty years. Some of the clichés and stereotypes about the American mind and American character were already familiar to me when I arrived in Europe as a Fulbright lecturer a year ago. I had come into contact with them when I came as a young student to Paris thirty years ago. There are the myths both favorable and unfavorable to us—but in any case myths. There is, in the first place, the myth about our newness, and hence, depending on the perspective of friendliness or hostility, our rawness or our uncorruptedness. There is the correlative notion of our intellectual vacuity. We are as Carthage to the Romans. We have no culture. That is often the net conclusion of even such European scholars as know something about American life and thought and letters. There are certain spiritual heroes in America—Poe and Whitman and now Faulkner and Hemingway. But they are regarded largely as disenchanted critics, as *revoltées,* indignant and unhappy exceptions in American life.

The myth of the newness of America persists in Europe, and newness is held to imply absence of a past, or an ignorance of it. That American ideas, institutions, customs, peoples are all European in origin is almost forgotten even by trained European historians, and even those in France who recognize that America has a history and that that history goes back to the origins of Europe are fairly convinced that Americans have no awareness of their own or anybody else's history, and have in general no sense of the past.

Almost the opposite myth is also current, that *all* that goes by the name of culture in America is European and that in any specific and important sense there is no such thing as American culture. At most there are variants upon traditional European themes, in philosophy, styles in art, ways of feeling in poetry. Exceptions are made for Negro spirituals and jazz.

There is still, I believe, another sense in which the French (and they have counterparts in other parts of Europe) feel there is no such thing as American culture. They are convinced, many of them, that the intellectual life and the intellectuals in America have no organic connection with the rest of American life. Over and over again I have heard in France speculations on how lonely an intellectual worker, a scholar, a writer, an artist, must feel in the United States. "Whom do you talk to? And do you not feel very much alone?" Even well-informed Europeans ask these questions. They have case histories to point to, on a grand scale: Melville, who fled to Tahiti and to his own soul; Henry James, who became a British subject; the literary expatriates who fled to Paris or Rome or Majorca. Nor do they find an organic connection between American writing, American thought, and a community of American feeling. There is, they allege, nothing in American life like the way in which Descartes and Molière and Pascal have become, through the discipline—if nothing else—of texts carefully studied in the *lycée,* part of the thinking and feeling and mode of expression of every literate Frenchman, the way in which Dante is on the lips of Tuscan peasants and Goethe was, through the nineteenth century at least, thrice familiar to every half-educated German.

WE cannot invent a community of feeling which we do not have, and it is no use pretending to Europeans any more than it is worth pretending to ourselves that our cultural interests have been fused with the general life or popular culture. But this was in its early days a bookish country, and in spite of television it may be so again. Nor is Philistinism unknown in Europe. It was indeed to England that Matthew Arnold applied the Biblical term. Nor was Flaubert the only one to flay the stupidities and banalities of the bourgeois provincials of France. The country grows older, a sense of a common heritage shared with other Americans is growing more persuasive, and if Dante is not on our lips the words of Lincoln very frequently are. And what is even more important than our sense of belonging to some American poet is the underlying sense that we are one with the poet of mankind in Asia, in Africa, as well as in Europe.

It is again an old story in Europe

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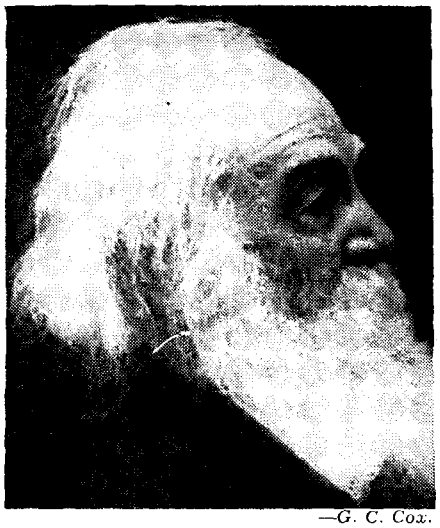
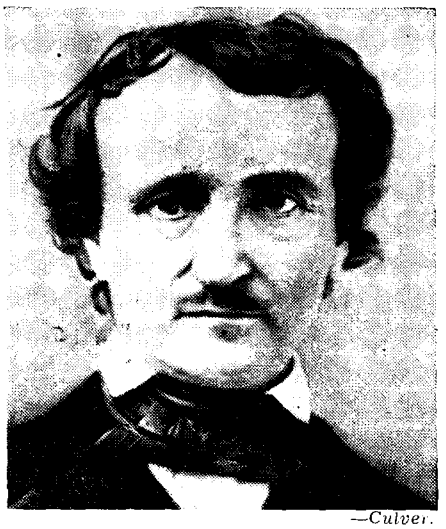


—G. C. Cox.



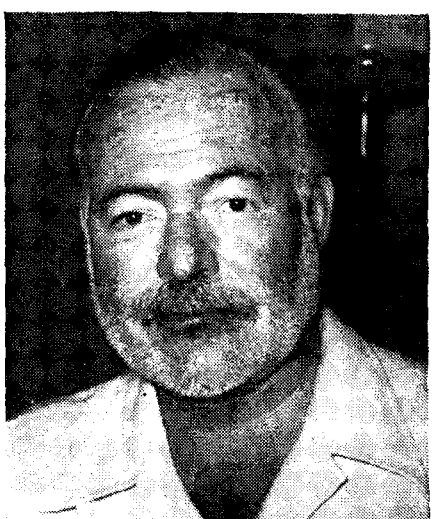
—Culver.

"There are certain spiritual heroes in America—Whitman and Poe and now Faulkner . . .

that we worship success and one almost as old that we have such an absence of standards that it amounts to an exaltation of mediocrity. By success is meant material success, and the stereotype of the robber baron survives in Europe from the now-vanished age of those financially swashbuckling tycoons. Nor has the European belief in the American worship of the almighty dollar vanished in a period when, with collapsing currencies all over the world, the dollar indeed has become almighty. The sense of the capitulation to the mediocre is perhaps the most serious and persistent stereotype among European intellectuals about American cultural life. Some of them know the vast numbers in our apparently numberless colleges and universities. They know the figures of the wealth of the foundations and private endowments which support so many educational enterprises. They know how widespread is secondary education. But, though scholars in particular fields are familiar with, and respectful of, some of the distinguished contributions to scholarship of American scholars, the general impression is of vast institutions of so-called higher education which are not by European university standards universities at all. It is almost impossible to explain to the French what an American undergraduate college is like, and the ritual and social life of an American college, if explained to them, remains a childish mystery. Europeans suspect that the upshot of all too much of our educational equipment is the mediocrity which produces the women's magazines, the digests, and the movies, a soulless mechanization of life, convenience without quality, comfort without distinction.

These aspersions, doubts, and denigrations on American culture are clearly not novelties. A century or more ago Sydney Smith asked, "Who reads an American book?" Twenty years ago C. E. Joad wrote the "Babbitt Warren," and Georges Duhamel gave us "Scènes de la Vie Future." The judgments have run to a pattern. Our culture, it is said, has been (such as it is) derivative; it has been an aping of European models. Our education has been a routine training of the mediocre rather than the education of the elite for distinction in art, science, and scholarship. Whatever of intellectual life we have had has been that of the exacerbated critic or of the gifted primitive or the talented sensitive spirit alien in his own civilization.

OF LATE there have been in Europe variations on, and modernizations of, these familiar indictments. There is a new and remarkable accusation which comes almost as a shock to anyone who returns once more to Europe after long absence: the suspicion of American culture as being (in ways more or less naive or sinister than that of the Russians) a form of propaganda. The young republic that once seemed a beacon of freedom now appears to many Europeans a towering empire, and the simple culture of the pioneers now looms as a threatening imperialism. The materialism of our culture has been a long-repeated charge. But the very intellectuals who are on the one hand pitied as being alien and alone in their gadget-ridden, Babbitt-ridden civilization are now held to be more or less explicit or innocent agents of a conquering colossus. This suspicion is fortified by the fact that so many students, so many professors, so many researchers in Europe are financed by American foundations or the American Government. Even students of foreign countries brought here by American funds to study our ways are



—Wide World.

. . . and Hemingway."

not always immune to the suspicion that they are being subjected to some degree of pressure about the American ideal. It is not only the extreme left wing in Western Europe that is suspicious of both the financial sources and the imperialist intentions of American political good will. He fails to reckon with the actualities of the European intellectual scene who does not recognize that the taint of capitalist imperialism is found in even innocuous representatives of American culture. A professor from Walla Walla, Washington, studying "Chanson de Roland" is seen as an agent of Wall Street; a student from Greenville, South Carolina, is a new conquistador.

The first reaction of many Americans is a resentment of the stereotyped charges leveled against us. It seems below one's dignity to remind Europeans of the contributions not only to science and industry but to ideas and to art, to literature and to experiments in living for which informed Europeans look upon America with

(*Continued on page* 39)

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A Lincolnian in the Delta

By Walter Wray

HODDING CARTER'S "WHERE MAIN STREET MEETS THE RIVER" *is an absorbing autobiography and a courageous statement of faith by one of the leading spokesmen for liberalism south of the Mason-Dixon Line.*

IN THAT year of the great Depression, 1932, when millions of men and women were out of jobs and saw no prospect of getting one, Hodding Carter and his wife of five months set themselves up as newspaper publishers in Hammond, La., a town of some 6,000 people, sixty miles north of New Orleans. Perhaps the reason was they were young and didn't know any better.

Hodding had just been fired from the Associated Press with the admonition that he was not cut out to be a newspaper reporter. He and his wife, Betty, had a total of $367—a lot of money in 1932, but not enough to go into newspaper publishing, that is, not enough for anybody in his senses.

The Carters soon found themselves in plenty of fights—I say the Carters because Betty was always there and not always completely in the background. It was Betty who one day during the fight against Huey Long reminded Hodding as he was leaving the house, "Honey, you've forgotten your shotgun."

The fight with Long led to the Carters' departure from Louisiana. They sold their paper in the spring of 1936 to three newspapermen who had worked for Long. "No newspaperman not identified with the Long dynasty," Hodding writes in his new book, "Where Main Street Meets the River," "would have dared to take over."

In the last few minutes before he left, Hodding told his successors a story that, under the circumstances, was highly appropriate. It had to do with a Negro preacher whose services were no longer wanted by his congregation, and who was preaching his final sermon.

"I won't tell you hardhearted people 'good-bye' because that's too sad," the preacher said. "And I won't tell you 'au revoir' because none of you is smart enough to understand what that means. But when I walk down the aisle for the last time, I want you to take notice of the piece of mistletoe that's pinned on my coattail."

Hodding and Betty Carter have gone a long way since that strategic departure from Hammond seventeen years ago. Today, at the age of forty-six, Hodding is a man of consequence far beyond the spot where Main Street meets the river—Greenville, Miss., a growing industrial city and farm center of 30,000. He is editor and publisher of Greenville's only newspaper, the daily *Delta Democrat-Times*, the holder of a Pulitzer Prize for editorial writing, the author of two novels and two non-fiction books about the South. When editors of national magazines are looking for an article on the contemporary South as it seems to a "Southern liberal," they turn to Hodding, just as years ago, when they wanted a thoughtful piece about the Midwest, they turned to William Allen White.

In "Where Main Street Meets the River," Hodding Carter tells what has happened to him during the past twenty years. His book is partly informal autobiography and partly testament of faith; but even where Hodding is stating his credo, it is peppered with anecdotes that illustrate what he means and why. His book is more personal than Jonathan Daniels's fine reportorial odyssey, "A Southerner Discovers the South," and his orientation is a bit less regional than Ellis Arnall's challenging program for the South and America, "The Shore Dimly Seen." But these comparisons bespeak the quality of Hodding Carter's book. It deserves, and I believe will get, a wide reading this summer; it will be talked about, and start countless discussions for years to come.

For sheer entertainment it would be difficult to surpass Hodding's early chapters. Those in which he tells how he and Betty ran their newspapers on a little credit and a vast amount of hope, triumphing over financial handicaps and political opposition, are in the tradition of the success story so dear to the American heart. Anyone curious about the career of that extraordinary experiment in journalism, the New York *PM*, will be fascinated with Hodding's frank account of his brief tour of duty with it. Anyone who, like myself, served in one of the chairborne arms of the military services during World War II will get great fun from his candid report on the frustrations and strange pleasures of work in the Pentagon's public relations and intelligence divisions and in the Near East on the staffs of *Yank* and the *Stars and Stripes*.

IN THE latter half of his book, Hodding makes it clear why he has acquired a reputation as a leading Southern liberal. He battled Huey Long, Theodore Bilbo, and John Rankin where it required real courage to do so, on their home grounds. He fought the lawlessness practised on occasion by the law enforcement officers of his own county. He directed his paper to preface the names of married Negro women with "Mrs." —a tiny step in progress for the Negro, perhaps, but Hodding vividly demonstrates how much courage it sometimes requires to accomplish even a small gain. He denounces the religious bigotry practised by some Protestant sects in his home country as well as the anti-Semitism that crops up in the Maine resort area where he spends his summers. He decries the furor against Columbia's Teachers College and "progressive education" that recently stirred Greenville, but is convinced that American public schools must not only be defended but vastly improved. He speaks frankly, usually naming names, even the names of persons he is likely to meet face-to-face the day his book comes out.

Some Northerners who consider themselves liberals are probably not going to like certain parts of Hodding's book. His refusal to espouse every cause they believe desirable for the Negro—particularly their campaign for Federal anti-lynching legislation—is going to cause many to sputter. His enthusiastic participation in efforts to bring Northern industry to Mississippi to take advantage of its

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cheap labor supply may cause some readers to wonder if he and his neighbors have taken into consideration all the possible consequences.

Even those liberals who do not see eye-to-eye with Hodding Carter on methods must agree with him on basic objectives. He is a gradualist, seeking to win through education what less patient men suppose can be gained overnight through legislation. The important thing is that Hodding Carter is not just talking about his goals, he is fighting for them, fighting where the battle is thickest. [Rinehart & Co. 340 pp. $4.]

Bloodstained Whitewash

IN "Where Main Street Meets the River," Hodding Carter writes:

"In 1937, a Negro was horribly slain by a Mississippi mob. . . . The morning after this lynching, which was committed far from the Delta, Will Pearcy phoned me. He was raging angry.

"'I've just looked at your editorial page,' he said. 'Isn't a lynching worth commenting upon?'

"'Look on the front page,' I told him. 'That's where I put my editorials when I'm really mad.'"

On April 29 this editorial appeared on the front page of Hodding Carter's Delta Democrat-Times:

WHEN a Bolivar County justice of the peace was exonerated Tuesday by another of his ilk in the slaying of a Negro after a grocery debt wrangle, the Benoit town marshal made a comment which most law officers in this nation would consider strange and savage.

He said: "Tell THAT to your Mr. Carter."

Well, marshal, we got the word. We're repeating it now and later, whether or not any bully boys from Benoit or Bolivar County like it or not. We're stating for the record that the hearing conducted by Justice of the Peace E. V. Reams and County Attorney Frank Wynn was the damnedest job of bloodstained whitewashing that ever sickened us.

We are reporting the whole foul story to state and federal authorities with the prayer and faint hope that they can find some way to follow through. Meanwhile, Mr. Marshal, Mr. County Attorney, Mr. J. P. the killer and Mr. J. P. the exonerator, here's why we think your actions this week are collectively a stench in the nostrils of decent, fairminded citizens.

A man was shot to death. He happened to be a Negro. It is not for us to say that he was murdered, or that he was killed in self-defense or that his slaying was an unavoidable mishap. But we do say that the hearing Tuesday was a wicked farce. Not a single eyewitness was called, though several were available. The only person to testify who was at the scene of the killing was the killer himself.

In a quarter of a century of reporting and reading about unequal justice in the South, this is the first time to our knowledge that no one was summoned as an eyewitness in a publicly committed slaying except the man who used the gun. It is also the first time in our memory that a so-called officer of the law jibed at a newspaper when a killer came clear.

We charge the county attorney and the justice of the peace with shameful laxity in failing to call upon a single one of the witnesses which the *Democrat-Times* so easily found.

And now for a couple more observations. Recently we spent three not altogether pleasant months in distant lands, trying to defend the South against the kind of nasty accusations for which this slaying and hearing provide bloody material. We know, and all our readers know, that if the victim of the Benoit triple-killer had been a white man, or if the killer had been a Negro, this whitewash would not have been tolerated. When he was an officer of the law in Pike County, Justice of the Peace Thomas was indicted for manslaughter, twice tried and never found innocent by juries which debated a total of 32 hours before successive mistrials. That time the victim was white.

Neither God nor lawful man discriminates between races when the taking of life or the breaking of the lesser laws of mankind are involved. Think on that, you people who profess to be Christian or democratic or fair. Until we in Mississippi look upon law and crime without relation to the color or faith or nationality of the principals, we have no right to lift our heads and ask for equal treatment in the concert of states or the community of nations.

Entwined Biography

By Ordway Tead

LUCY SPRAGUE MITCHELL'S "TWO LIVES: THE STORY OF WESLEY CLAIR MITCHELL AND MYSELF" *is an inspiring account of the happy, fruitful marriage of a distinguished economist and a pioneering educator.*

WHAT a generation! What a panorama! What a picture gallery of familiar faces of yesterday and today! What a reflection of an era of relative peace and security the inner forces of which were moving it inexorably (in retrospect) into war and insecurity! And, finally, what loving warmth of feeling about persons, places, and good causes!

It is permissible, I believe, to use the evocative mood in introducing Lucy Sprague Mitchell's "Two Lives: The Story of Wesley Clair Mitchell and Myself," a lovely and moving book about a seemingly idylic marriage—and of so much else besides, in the life of two warm, vivid, creative, devoted, and purposeful individuals whose lives spanned the incredible years from 1874 to today.

Mrs. Mitchell has essayed a difficult task in this interweaving of the life story of her notable economist-husband with that of her own, which was predominantly focussed on the education of young children. Geographically the stories have their own interest as reflecting Decatur, Ill., Chicago, California, and most intensively New York City, where her husband was a distinguished professor at Columbia University for so many years, and where Mrs. Mitchell was embarked upon a professionally pioneering career in the educational world at the City and Country School, the Little Red School House, and the Bank Street Workshop.

Three strands of our recent life and times are here engagingly related to each other. The intimate personal life of two individuals and—with deeply touching overtones—the shared life of both, are portrayed with a kind of personal depth which will surprise many who knew them only professionally. Here was a marriage of true minds that ennobled and enriched the intellectual no less than emotional and spiritual life of two richly endowed personalities.

Here was a family picture of heartening reassurance through a period when "change and decay" were too evident elsewhere. The American family scene is reflected at its finest best in this record. The other two strands

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Rockefeller philanthropy as cartooned in 1903: "With one hand he put a penny in and with the other took a shilling out."

of the story relate the professional careers of husband and wife.

The life work of Professor Mitchell is seen not only with complete sympathy for his vision, but with understanding of the purposes and methods of his scholarship. His wife realized full well that for such a teacher and student as this it was true, as he himself wrote, that his was a place in society "where one has to depend upon himself—his own initiative, his own sustaining faith." And for one of his independence and originality as to the scientific and interpretative role which he shaped for himself almost uniquely among American economists, this recognition of a special destiny with a firm resolution to realize it, would not always have been easy for a wife to accept—although she is at pains to say that this singleness of purpose did not detract from the intensities and joys of their family life.

It is possible (although perhaps not within the frame of the pattern of this kind of intimate expression) that some further reference might have been made to Professor Mitchell's scholarly contributions. But at least by indirection the discerning reader will appraise what his creative offerings in economic thought have been through a long and productive life.

Of her own role as dean of women, teacher, writer, wife, and mother, one is allowed a disclosure at once highly personal and professionally illuminating. Mrs. Mitchell's educational and literary contributions in the field of educating younger children are characterized in vivid ways that suggest their novelty and fruitfulness. No one interested in the progress of children's education in the last forty years can afford to ignore the chapters devoted to this phase of a development in which her husband shared actively and sympathetically.

Other facets of the creative activities of each as set forth in this book might appropriately be elaborated upon. But enough has been mentioned to suggest how fully hard and socially purposed *work* animated these two lives.

There may, here and there, be an over-elaboration of personal detail. But the total effect is informing, stimulating, deeply touching in the reflection of two sensitive souls. This record reveals the impact of accumulating social tensions upon the integrity, insights, and public devotion of two greatly gifted persons. This is one of those rare inter-personal stories which from reading "we take heart again." [Simon & Schuster. 570 pp. $5.]

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S
KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 999)

M. K. RAWLINGS:
THE SOJOURNER

Asahel had hovered for his twenty years outside her adoration, like a shy and hungry dog that skirts a lighted house, longing to be called in for a plate of food and a few caresses. Because he loved Benjamin too, he . . . asked only to be present.

Big Oiler

By Harold U. Faulkner

Dr. Faulkner, Smith College professor and author of "American Economic History," hails ALLAN NEVINS'S "STUDY IN POWER: JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, INDUSTRIALIST AND PHILANTHROPIST" *as "the fairest and ablest study of its subject."*

IN 1940 Allan Nevins published a two-volume biography of Rockefeller under the title "John D. Rockefeller: The Heroic Age of American Enterprise." It was a major effort based on the Rockefeller and Standard Oil papers, and it ran to some 1430 pages. It was the first time these papers had been opened to an historian, and the result was the ablest, the most scholarly, and the most objective book yet done on Rockefeller and his career. Mr. Nevins's latest book, "Study in Power: John D. Rockefeller, Industrialist and Philanthropist," is also a biography, based primarily on the same data, but it is largely rewritten and condensed by several hundred pages. Much of the material deleted is family history of the early period. The rewriting of the early work can be attributed in part to the fact that it had run out of print and in part to the fortunate discovery of a large and additional body of correspondence. This new material throws light both on the early days of the oil industry and on the Rocke-

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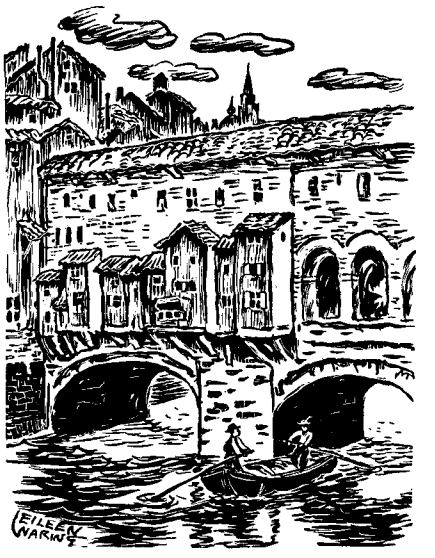
Renaissance in Ruins



By William Murray

The publication this week of two more uncommonly fine Italian novels—"THE TIME OF INDIFFERENCE," *by* ALBERTO MORAVIA *and* "THE MOON AND THE BONFIRES," *by* CESARE PAVESE—*is a portent of even finer writing to be expected from Italy in months to come.*

THE current theory that Italy is undergoing a formidable literary rebirth should be considerably reinforced by the publication of two novels of considerable merit, Alberto Moravia's "The Time of Indifference" and Cesare Pavese's "The Moon and the Bonfires."

"The Time of Indifference" was written in 1929 when Moravia was only twenty-three and, like so many first novels, it is supposed to be largely autobiographical. The author is concerned not so much with indifference as with the frustration and despair of a seedy upper-middle-class family trapped by its own sense of inadequacy in a limbo of boredom, meaningless social routine, and sordid intrigue.

Mariagrazia is a widow, a flighty and stupid woman whose life has been entirely dedicated to frivolous pleasures. She has never understood her son and daughter, both of whom despise her and dread her hysterical outbursts. Terrified by advancing middle age and the realization that her lover, a predatory type named Leo, is slipping away from her, Mariagrazia lives in an unreal nightmare world of insane rages, sudden outbursts of emotion, and wild dreams of wealth and social success.

Carla, her twenty-four-year-old daughter, desperately desires to escape from the dreary pattern of life in the villa, but she does not know how, since all prospects of a successful marriage seem to have been blocked by their poverty. She allows herself to be seduced by the unscrupulous Leo in the forlorn expectation that this will somehow change her life.

The son, Michele, is the most terrifying of the author's creations. He is intelligent enough to be able to understand fully what is going on and to see through everybody's motives, including his own, but he is incapable of caring. He is trapped by his own indifference, his conscious hypocrisy, his boredom. "The Time of Indifference" is fascinating reading, but it is an anguished, merciless novel. Moravia has observed his characters through a cold, reptilian lens.

Cesare Pavese's "The Moon and the Bonfires" is a moving and concise acount of a Piedmontese peasant who returns to his village after many years in America. He has been unable to make a home for himself in a land where there are few traditions and he tries now to find a meaning for his life in the recollections of his early years, among people who have either forgotten him or who speak of him as "the American."

Pavese admires the simple and primitive beliefs of his youth. The peasants of his region firmly believed that the lighting of huge bonfires "woke up the earth" and guaranteed fuller crops, that important decisions are always influenced by the moon.

But Pavese finds that the years have brought many changes—the decay of the old traditions, the lasting enmities and bitternesses engendered by years of Fascist oppression and civil war. Pavese finds that even the bright postwar political hopes have been discarded and forgotten, that only poverty and despair are ever present.

"The Moon and the Bonfires" is more of a lively, reminiscent essay than a novel. It benefits from an excellent translation by Marianne Ceconi.

If we take a look at what lies behind these two books, we will find that the generally held conception of a current Italian literary renaissance—that is, a postwar period when, after twenty years of Fascist oppression, Italy's newly-liberated artists and writers suddenly have begun to create—is inaccurate and misleading. Both Pavese and Moravia, for instance, were active on the Italian literary scene under Fascism. There has been not so much a rebirth as a discovery by Americans that Italian writers are a surprisingly active and erudite lot and have been for some time. I think we leaned strongly toward the belief that any work of art acceptable to the Fascist censors could not possibly have any intrinsic merit. But although Fascism certainly imposed many restrictions (one could not write about unemployment, for instance, since the Fascist :topia claimed to have eliminated it), it must not be supposed that authors were forced to write only about the glories of the regime. A certain amount of intellectual freedom did exist. It is hard to imagine, for instance, any Communist regime tolerating the active presence of Benedetto Croce. Mussolini's literary aspirations were entirely limited to persuading the bombastic Gabriele D'Annunzio to come to Rome and embrace the cause. Even in this Mussolini failed. It was no secret that the poet scornfully referred to the dictator's legions as "those black apes."

The retrictions of Fascism did prevent Italian writers from exposing the corruption and despair of their period. They were forced to withdraw into a highly personal and introspective world of human relations in which it was more important to dissect emotions and character than to portray a society in terms of everyday events. Such a book is "The Time of Indifference" which, had it been written by an American, we would have classed with the type of novel so typical of our Southern writers.

MEN such as Moravia, Buzzati, Pavese, Vittorini, and Brancati belong to a generation which found its literary outlet in spite of Fascism rather than because of it. When the liberation came these already established authors could, if they chose, turn their attentions to more controversial topics, but it must not be assumed that it was only then that they began to produce literature of some merit.

If one is to discuss Italian literature in terms of a renaissance, one should in all fairness talk only about those writers who were not active before the war, who grew up under Fascism, and whose output is only just beginning to find its way into print. American readers are already familiar with

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two novels by the young writer Vasco Pratolini, who certainly belongs in this category. Soon to be published here are novels by three young authors—Ugo Zatterin, Paride Rombi, and Giosè Rimanelli. Their work should be of considerable interest to us since, like that of most other young Italian authors, it has matured in a period of demoralization and confusion, followed by liberation, a period of searching for new values and probing for the meaning of past mistakes. Their work has also been deeply influenced by the writings of American authors, most prominently Faulkner, Hemingway, Dos Passos, Steinbeck, and Caldwell. Cesare Pavese was himself a leading translator of Dos Passos and Faulkner and his own fiction is strongly reminiscent of the style of Sherwood Anderson. Pavese probably did more than anyone else to familiarize Italians with modern American literature and it would be difficult to overrate the influence of the American writing of the Twenties and Thirties upon modern Italian fiction.

ITALIAN novelists cannot possibly live from the earnings of their novels. Most of them contribute in one form or another to newspapers and magazines, either as critics or regular contributors to the "third page," the literary section of each daily newspaper. No Italian newspaper is without its "third page" and serious writers are afforded the tremendous opportunity of being paid to turn out short stories, critical articles, and essays, a literary field now largely neglected in America. Italian writers do not have to worry about the commercial success of their novels and they are, therefore, freer to write what and how they please than the modern American novelist who is today subjected to editorial pressure and meddling from publishers quite naturally concerned with best-seller lists and reprint sales. In Italy the editor is a man who corrects punctuation. He cannot rewrite a phrase or delete a sentence without the author's consent, a situation which makes for a far less standardized and much more individualistic literary product. In an atmosphere of such complete freedom it is not surprising that Italy should have recently produced some first-rate writing and we can look hopefully to the future for a truer indication of an Italian literary renaissance. [THE TIME OF INDIFFERENCE. By Alberto Moravia. Translated by Angus Davidson. Farrar, Straus & Young. 303 pp. $3.50. THE MOON AND THE BONFIRES. By Cesare Pavese. Translated by Marianne Ceconi. Farrar Straus & Young. $3.]

Epic of a Pajama

By Amy Loveman

RICHARD F. BISSELL'S "7½ CENTS" *is a vastly entertaining tale of love and labor strife in the Sleep Tite pajama factory.*

RICHARD F. BISSELL belongs to that small company of American writers who, like Sinclair Lewis, Jerome Weidman, and Arthur Kober, have a special aptitude for capturing turns of speech and whose ear for the vernacular is so accurate that they can bring a whole stratum of society to life by the talk of their characters. "7½ Cents" is as American as corn or baseball, light-hearted, entertaining, with a touch of seriousness under its banter. It's told by the young superintendent of a clothing plant in Junction City, Iowa, a town scrabbling a bluff of the Mississippi and unmistakably concealing under its pseudonym the city of Dubuque.

The employees of the Action Knees Pants Co. of Junction City, now makers of men's pajamas ("Sleep Tite, the Pajama for Men of Bedroom Distinction") are agitating for a seven-and-a-half-cent increase in wages and the new superintendent, more or less sympathetic to them, comes up against

Richard F. Bissell—"deft satire."

the tenacious conservatism of the head of the factory. Mr. Hasler reclines comfortably on old-time management-labor relationships and buttresses his beliefs with the philosophy of his god of the radio, Fulton Lewis, Jr.

"You ought to listen to Lewis at least," says Hasler. "Say, has he got their number! Keen mind. One of the greatest political thinkers in the country today. . . . I wouldn't any more think of missing him than I'd think of skipping the morning shave." "The old boy," says one of the cutters, of Hasler, later on, "he's quite a fire-eater, ain't he?"

Sorokin, the superintendent, with a strike threatening, the workers muttering, and the machinery breaking down, looks about him for relaxation in female society and promptly falls for Catherine Williams, a machine operator and the possessor of a head of red hair and a pair of "big, gorgeous eyes." He spots her among the girls in the pants section at a company picnic. She caught him looking at her, "but she didn't blush or look away like most girls would do, she just kept looking back with the same smile, as though she were saying, 'Some wonderful buddy you've got here, you big sap.'"

And that's the story—the dual issue of whether Sleep Tite can avert a strike and whether its superintendent can win his Babe. A simple enough tale, but told with a vivacity, a snap, an impeccable use of detail, and a deft satire that make it excellent entertainment.

Mr. Bissell spoofs management, he spoofs travelling salesmen, he spoofs the rich society of Junction City into which his hero wanders by chance; he flashes individuals and groups into sharp outline with bits of dialogue or longer harangues; he slides in occasional glimpses of technical procedure, and he presents a beautifully realized portrait of the superintendent's secretary, outspoken in her comment on factory life and her chief's social doings. Moreover, he projects his tale against a background of Junction City, climbing its hills from the river and linked to the Illinois shore and drink by an iron toll bridge across the Mississippi, that is photographic in its accuracy. His novel is weakest in its scenes of fashionable life (scenes which occasionally are in exceedingly bad taste) and in its "slick" conclusion, for here it seems contrived where

(*Continued on page 35*)

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—*Photos by I. Jonathan.*

Mrs. Elizabeth Kingsley chatting with some admirers on the steps of Middlebury Inn.

Jubilee for Her D.-C. Majesty

ONE thousand issues ago—the March 31, 1934 issue, to be exact —*The Saturday Review* took a step that, though it puzzled just about everyone, turned out to be as much of a gamble as, say, aces back-to-back. The magazine published Double-Crostic Number 1, a curiously original hybrid of crossword, acrostic, quiz, and cryptogram that the *SR* suspected might appeal in part to that cut of its readers who found the crossword puzzle *passé*. Well, the morning after the issue appeared on the newsstand the first letter arrived. "Just a few lines to let you know there is a new mania in our family," wrote a Crossworder-turned-Double-Crosticker overnight. "After diagnosis we have discovered that it's 'Crostics'—severe but not necessarily fatal. 'Crostics' is here to stay, so we'll sharpen our pencils and prepare to do lengthy battle." Double-Crostic Number 2 appeared the following week. Again, there were letters. Over the years, the puzzle has appeared in an unbroken succession until, today, a holiday of sorts is being celebrated throughout Double-Crosticdom to mark the publication of the one-thousandth Double-Crostic in the *SR*, all but the last twenty-five of which were the handiwork of Mrs. Elizabeth S. Kingsley, the inventor of Double-Crostics, who, to the cognoscenti, is known as the "Queen of Puzzle-Makers."

Mrs. Kingsley, a gray-haired, motherly-looking woman, as dedicated to her offspring as though it were flesh-and-blood, would still be constructing Double-Crostics were it not for her health. Mrs. Kingsley is in her middle-seventies. When she retired, a few months back, she had racked up an impressive record: in addition to the 975 puzzles for *SR*, she plotted twenty-six volumes of Double-Crostics. (Total sales: well over 300,000.) Puzzlers everywhere are devotees—Arthur Hays Sulzberger, Charles Merz, Ambassador John Grew, Cole Porter, and Cornelia Otis Skinner among them. Some, like Mr. Sulzberger, publisher of *The New York Times*, and Mr. Merz, the Editor of the *Times*, have even constructed Double-Crostics of their own. Anyway, a decade ago, Mrs. Kingsley began contributing puzzles to the *Times* magazine. Altogether, she turned out roughly twenty-five-hundred Double-Crostics in her twenty years of original, ceaseless puzzle-making, enough to have kept the nation's Double-Crostickers in the environs of Webster's Unabridged for a full generation.

MRS. Kingsley made her first appearance in the *SR* in, appropriately enough, the reception room. Unexpected, a free-lancer, with an armful of Double-Crostics, she turned up one Friday in March 1934 to ask whether she could see Miss Amy Loveman, then as now an *SR* associate editor. "She came out of the clear sky so far as I was concerned," Miss Loveman said the other day as she recalled the first Kingsley-*SR* confrontation. "But her puzzles did look as though they might be something we'd find of great interest." Anyway, Mrs. Kingsley left her Double-Crostics with Miss Loveman, then departed for her home in Brooklyn, her birthplace. For a couple of days, *SR*'s editors did a little cogitating; then, the following Tuesday, they decided to give Double-Crostics a whirl. Number 1 appeared in Volume X, Number 37 of the *SR*, a puzzle based on twenty-five definitions (178 characters), the first of which demanded a five-letter word for "a perfume of roses." For those puzzlers who were still adrift in their dictionaries at the end of the week, the subsequent issue of the *SR*—April 7—had the answer.

Double-Crostic Number 1 was presented with plenty of enthusiasm; even the punctuation was jubilant. As though to make certain that no *dumkopf* might mistake a Double-Crostic for a crossword puzzle, the directions read in part: "When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean

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nothing!" Readers were stirred. One was heard from in April 21 issue: "I have no complaint of ease or difficulty to make," he began. "What riles me is the triumphant exclamation mark after '. . . up and down the letters mean nothing!' If the letters up and down had a meaning your punctuation would not be so funny. What an accomplishment! The letters mean nothing! Congratulations!" The letter was signed: "Marcus Goldman! New York City!" The "!" was dropped *toute de suite*!

Though she yielded on a scrap of punctuation, Mrs. Kingsley was anything but submissive. The fact is, there might have been no Double-Crostic had she, like the puzzling millions, been content with crossword puzzles. To Mrs. Kingsley, however, the crossword represented the epitome of pointlessness, a barrage of words that totaled up to a cultural zero. Brought up in surroundings where the classics were table conversation, she was upset. "How futile!" she once remarked in an exclamatory outburst in the days when Double-Crostics weren't even a gleam in her eye. "There is a certain fun in the thrill of a puzzle, to be sure, but what is the goal?" In a world full of happy crossworders, she alone was bedeviled by an *idée fixe* that literature and puzzling could somehow be challengingly, originally wedded. "Suddenly it dawned on me," she once confessed to a *New Yorker* interviewer, "that a puzzle which stimulated the imagination and heightened an appreciation of fine literature by reviewing English and American poet and prose masters would be a puzzle *with* a goal." The upshot was Double-Crostics.

Year in, year out, Mrs. Kingsley manufactured her puzzles in a two-decade quiz of thousands to whom the Double-Crostic is, to quote one fanatic, "a life-and-death thing, the Phi Beta Kappa of puzzles." Modern authors were not taboo, but, by and large, the classics provided most of the raw material. In the broadest sense, Mrs. Kingsley resuscitated more poets and essayists lost through the centuries than all the English I classes in the USA combined. Not once was her output marred by absenteeism—from March 31, 1934, when her first Double-Crostic appeared in the *SR*, to November 29, 1952, when her last appeared.

THE December 6 issue of *SR* featured a Double-Crostic by a Doris Nash Wortman. Mrs. Wortman, though anonymous in the *SR* Double-Crostic Department, was no Johnny-come-lately. As a matter of fact, she had been heir presumptive for a long time, possibly as long as thirteen years ago. Back in 1940, Mrs. Wortman, an outstanding puzzler in puzzle circles, became editor of Mrs. Kingsley's Double-Crostic book series; four years later, she became editor of Mrs. Kingsley's puzzles for the *SR* as well. The last three of the Kingsley Double-Crostic book series, in fact, are hers, under her own name. "All in all," says Mrs. Wortman, a plump, jolly woman from Jackson Heights, N. Y., who is terribly happy in the company of betagrams, alphagrams, and heteronyms, "it was a pleasant union of Smith and Wellesley." Mrs. Kingsley is Wellesley '98; Mrs. Wortman, Smith '11. "Mrs. Kingsley is a kind, warm person, exceedingly generous," Mrs. Wortman continued. "For years, she'd been saying to me, 'When I have to stop, I want *you* to carry on.' "

On the occasion of Double-Crostic 1000, Mrs. Wortman, a loyal subject, has drawn up a royal testimonial to Mrs. Kingsley. It is called, "For Our Own Queen Elizabeth," and it begins: "In the midst of all these exciting Coronation preparations for the English Queen Elizabeth II, we wish to celebrate the festival of our own Queen Elizabeth—Elizabeth S. Kingsley, who invented and named the Double-Crostic nearly twenty-years ago.

"Today we of the *Review* take special pride in presenting Kingsley Double-Crostic Number 1000 in unbroken sequence, and dedicate it to our Queen Elizabeth." Hats off! Pencils sharpened! Number 1000 is passing by! —BERNARD KALB.

"No. 1000 is passing by!"

". . . as dedicated to her offspring as though it were flesh and blood."

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The New American Reader

TWENTY years ago Ortega y Gasset declared in his "Revolt of the Masses" that the direction of society has been taken over by "a new type of man who is not interested in the principles of civilization, not in this or that civilization but of any civilization." He warned Europeans against what he called the "technicism" of the United States and the false faith and fervor of Communism," as though they were equally dangerous.

You cannot have civilization without culture, which may be defined as the enlightenment and refinement of taste acquired by intellectual and esthetic training. It has long been a European contention that the United States was powerful, menacing, and crude, and that whatever culture we had assumed was borrowed from abroad. It is time to put an end to this nonsense which has colored our own thinking so that we presented the unnatural paradox of a nation rapidly increasing in population, alive with energy and cultural activities, and at the same time engaged in the mad pursuit of wealth, inane activities, and the acquirement of innumerable mechanical devices.

The facts and the figures give the lie to this ominous conclusion. Actually there has been under way a cultural renaissance in this country to which most of our intellectuals have been blind. According to a survey made last year by the *Scientific Monthly* in 1950 we spent 96 per cent more dollars for books than in 1940, 85 per cent more for the theatre and the opera. There has been an increase of over 80 per cent in the number of local opera companies, while 2,000 towns now provide serious music regularly for their people.

As far as books as cultural media are concerned the advance has been even more startling due to the unprecedented change in the reading habits of the American people over the last five years. While our younger novelists were continuing to reveal their despair and their denial that life was worth living in the present or any imaginable future the adventurous publishers of paperbound books, selling from twenty-five cents to a dollar and a quarter, were proving that there is an unappeasable thirst amongst us, not only for the new translations of the classics but for every form of serious literature.

There are more than twenty-two publishing companies bringing out hundreds of books of the highest calibre and cultural value within this price range. The latest venture was started a month ago, Doubleday & Company's Anchor Books, well designed, printed on better than average paper, and dedicated to extend the reading horizons of an expanding adult public and to supplement the reading programs of American colleges and universities. Anchor, like many others, is taking advantage of the failure of publishers for economic reasons to reprint innumerable fine books. Its first dozen titles range from a biography of Socrates to Stendhal's "Charterhouse of Parma," D. H. Lawrence's "Studies in Classic American Literature," A. E. Taylor's "Socrates," and an exquisite translation from the French of "The Romance of Tristan and Iseult."

The largest enterprise of this nature is Mentor Books, published with Signet Books by the New American Library. Its enthusiastic staff sees no limit to its progress, for Mentor has sold more than ten million copies of its publications in a single year. It sold 200,000 copies of Susanne Langer's "Philosophy in a New Key," 600,000 of Ruth Benedict's "Patterns of Culture," and, astonishingly, a million copies each of W. H. D. Rouse's translations of "The Odyssey" and "The Iliad." It is obvious that if anyone had predicted five years ago that Homer would ever be a best seller to this prodigious extent, he would have been consigned to the nearest booby-hatch. Anecdotes have gathered around old Homer's success: there was the girl who arrived three hours late for a date because she had to finish "The Iliad"; and an enthusiastic letter came from a young man who said he had never heard of Homer before, but he sure was some writer.

Every bookstore in the country and innumerable readers have known The Modern Library as a cultural and educational force for a quarter of a century. Its latest catalogue lists 246 titles selling at $1.25. It has been the progenitor of the movement toward making world literature available to the American people. In addition, there are Pocket Books, Bantam Books, Permabooks, Penguin and Pelican, and others too numerous to mention, that are steadily extending their lists.

THERE are many reasons for this prodigious development in publishing and selling to many millions of people the best literature of the past and present. It is not good enough to say that readers will buy any book if it is priced right. The true explanation may be that Americans, having abandoned isolationism in 1941 and finding themselves now engaged in trying to defend their country and the Western hemisphere from disaster, are attempting to prepare themselves for their obligations toward the world.

Perhaps it started with the eleven million men in uniform in the war who came across the vast outpouring of editions of the Armed Services publications. Perhaps it has something to do with the hundreds of thousands of Americans traveling to Europe every year, or with the prosperity of a country now apparently avid to acquire what is known as culture. Or it may be a natural event, a symptom of maturity, of at last coming of age, when it has become necessary to have an alert intelligence and a knowledge of our fellow creatures and of the history of man's long ordeal on this planet. —H. S.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

INDOCTRINATORS?

SIDNEY HOOK'S ANALYSIS of the meaning of academic freedom "Can We Trust Our Teachers?" [*SR* April 18] is excellent, and excellent precisely because it raises difficult questions.

Academic freedom, Hook says, is defensible only for those who are "*honest* inquirers," which means who are not "indoctrinators of precommitted beliefs." This, of course, allows Hook to dismiss from the faculty such "bad" folks as Fascist and Communist Party members. But every man of faith is a dogmatist, including those "nice" men whose faiths we may share. New Dealing professors have been guilty of indoctrination in "precommitted beliefs," as have their Old Guard counterparts. By Hook's criterion these ideologues should receive no more academic protection than Communists and Fascists. And what shall one do about the Roman Catholic professor of, say, sociology?

GWYNNE NETTLER.
Beverly Hills, Calif.

HERESY AND FREEDOM

. . . ACCORDING TO MR. HOOK, academic freedom exists to make possible the exploration of heretical as well as orthodox views. Has this view been explored? No. Is it so unimportant that it does not deserve exploration? Again, the answer I believe is clear: it would be hard to imagine a more important question. But let us get to the heart of the matter and ask if we reasonably expect the high priests of a firmly established orthodoxy to promote an investigation that might lead to the development of strong heresies? I do not suggest destruction of the orthodoxy, because, whether we like it or not, whether we trust it or not, and whether it is run by quacks and shysters or by honest men, we are going to be ruled by an orthodoxy; and if that orthodoxy is not held in check by heresies, its rule will be absolute.

It would be impossible to make a more serious mistake today than to attack education for harboring and developing heresies.

But no one is doing this. To see Senator McCarthy as leading an attack on heresy is grossly to misread the obvious facts. Senator McCarthy is performing the function of a high priest presiding over a scapegoat-making process. The whole society, governed by a powerful orthodoxy, made the errors that created the occasion for the scapegoat-making process. The distinction between punishment for the errors of an orthodoxy and for those of a heresy is of elementary importance and must be kept clear: otherwise we are in hopeless confusion.

American education for over two decades now has been governed by an all-powerful orthodoxy. The orthodoxy has changed from saying one thing about Communism ten years ago to saying the opposite now. This change has occurred entirely as a consequence of outside pressure. There have been no intellectual battles, no heresies of any importance inside education. If we apply Mr. Hook's test, if we say that where we find freedom, we also find heresy, we have to say there is no freedom in education today. The educators by not cultivating heresies have destroyed their freedom. And freedom cannot disappear from education without being endangered everywhere else in society.

Now what do we have to say to the question can we trust our teachers? I wonder if Sidney Hook would be willing to take another look at this question?

WILLIAM T. COUCH.
New York, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The title of Mr. Hook's article, "Can We Trust Our Teachers?," was chosen by the editors, not by the author.*

"Our Mr. Soames will handle your book's regular edition.—Bagby over there will do the paperback."

CONSPIRACY NOT DEFINED

THE PROFESSOR IS ON firm ground when he points out that no teacher should be obligated to accept "certain dogmas whose truth he could not question." He would be on still firmer ground if he did not turn about promptly and set up his *own* dogmas as the touchstone for examining the moral and intellectual fitness of others.

From where comes the Professor's Olympic ability to distinguish between "heresy" and "conspiracy"? Exactly how did he arrive at this grand position of being able to say to others that this one may be "permitted" to teach because the sin of his political belief is venial; but that the other may not teach because his belief comes entirely from (Sidney Hook's) Devil? Does the Professor permit disagreement with *his* own personal dogmas?

Basically Professor Hook follows this method: he sets up his criteria for conspiracy, and the teacher who does not agree with Professor Hook's criteria must nevertheless be judged by them. The Professor not only defines conspiracy by his own terms, but places all those who deny his terms within (or close to) the conspirator classification, so that *their* terms are invalid.

Professor Hook himself no longer limits the mark of political damnation to "conspirators." He now includes all those who refuse to answer questions before junketing Congressional committees. The next, and logical, step for the Professor is to discover some newer, "scientific" method of determining whether Congressional witnesses are "really" telling the truth when they *do* testify.

And the brain-washing, *à la* Soviet totalitarianism, will continue to become the order of the day. For "conspirators," of course. Mere heretics have nothing to worry about—unless someone (Prof. Hook, perhaps?) decides they have become conspiratorial.

STANLEY COOPERMAN.
Brooklyn, N. Y.

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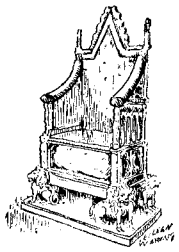
The Mystical Estate



By Anne Fremantle

Mrs. Fremantle, an English-born lady of learning and perception, undertakes to unravel the enigma that is British Royalty with clues offered in three lately published books.

"A KING'S job," said Louis XIV, "is a big one, dignified and delicious." In spite of the many changes in the world since the Sun King's day, there is little doubt that Queen Elizabeth II, sixty-first in line since Egbert (the first to receive, in 809, the homage of all the other English kings) would agree with him. Elizabeth II, who became Queen of Great Britain, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, Pakistan, South Africa, and a whole alphabet-long list of islands and odd bits of territory, from Aden to Zanzibar, on February 6, 1952 (the day upon which her father, King George VI, "was alive and was dead") inherits a securer crown, though shorn of most of its power, than perhaps any of her ancestors. And certainly a more truly popular one. Never has any sovereign come to the throne with more heartfelt affection. from her subjects. Nor have British subjects ever before acquired a Queen so magnificently groomed and trained for her job, nor one who so genuinely appears to enjoy it, and herself.

It seems unbelievable it was a bare eighty years ago that orators in London's Trafalgar Square hailed the coming of the Republic of England, and that such respectable characters as John Morley and Joseph Chamberlain (trinitied with the oddly unrespectable Sir Charles Dilke) made their appearance on the Republican platform. When Queen Victoria came to the throne, many prophesied she would be Britain's last monarch, and Edward VII was heard audibly to wonder whether his grandson would inherit his crown. But now, even the indomitably Socialist Sidney Webbs, even the left-wing Labour rebel Aneurin Bevan, could and can suggest no alternative to the Crown.

Why, in a world in which most crowns have toppled or at best have wobbled, has the British Crown, on the contrary, so steadied itself in the last fifteen years that today, on the brow of a slim twenty-seven-year-old female, it has a most solid and satisfactory air? Age and a millennial tradition are not alone enough. The son of St. Louis who ascended the guillotine had both. Nor is the virtue of the wearer sufficient, although as Sir Winston Churchill put it, the Royal family are able to "make a mass of people realize that they are good." For, as Sir Charles Petrie points out in "Monarchy in the Twentieth Century," Farmer George III with his bourgeois virtues, and virtuous Victoria, lost the Crown both power and prestige, while Victoria's rakish son, Edward VII, vastly enhanced both during his brief reign. Legitimacy, of course, has nothing to do with it: the absolutely legitimate James II lost in three years more than the totally claimless Henry VII and the remotely kin George I acquired and bequeathed. As Sir Charles further shows, there was no historical or constitutional reason why the House of Cromwell should not have established itself as successfully as did the Tudors or the House of Hanover.

There would seem to be three major requisites essential to an enduring monarchy. The first is that it be above party. And today, at least, it must to some extent be above purely English interests. For well over a hundred years, the British Crown (from the Revolution of 1688 to the accession of Victoria in 1837) was an enormously important part of the machinery of political party government. The long Whig ascendancy, the curious and horrible tradition (that lasted over two hundred years) of struggle between father (or mother) and son, with a King's Party and a Prince of Wales' Party always in evidence, the factionalism deplored in such satiric songs as "The Vicar of Bray" and such tracts as Bolingbroke's "The Patriot King" combined to produce kings who impinged on the public consciousness only as either the partisans, or the prizes, of some ministerial coup, or some cabinet shuffle. Sir Charles Petrie, following Thackeray and Landor, shows the four Georges and William IV as un-English, unhygienic, unlettered, and unloved, with unpleasing personal habits, nasty favorites (male and female) and sordid, often sadistic, family relationships.

It *is* a long way, dynastically as well as morally, from George II's "Dat is one big lie" on being informed of his accession, to Victoria's "I will be good." Yet Victoria was constantly making marginal annotations on state papers; "never would she consent"—and she always did. With her, however, the British sovereigns, while losing power, began a new career of prestige. They began to be above party considerations, and to be intensely concerned not with Hanoverian, but with British crises. Sir Charles Petrie gives a detailed and fascinating account of the constitutional crisis of 1911, when King Edward VII threatened to flood the House of Lords by the creation of an almost unlimited number of peers. Sir Charles describes George V intervening on several occasions, choosing Stanley Baldwin instead of Lord Curzon to succeed Bonar Law, and, by persuading Ramsay MacDonald not to resign during the economic blizzard of 1931, being responsible for the formation of the National Government. How rightly the King had gauged his people's sentiment on this occasion was amply demonstrated at the next General Election.

ALLAN MICHIE, a veteran American newspaperman long stationed in London, gives, in his excellent and most readable book "God Save the Queen," the story of two other contemporary occasions when the King—George VI this time—"by indirections found directions out." Mr. Michie gives in full the touching and hilarious correspondence between the King and Sir Winston Churchill when the latter was worrying the life out of General

The Books

These are the books mentioned in Anne Fremantle's article:

MONARCHY IN THE 20TH CENTURY. By Sir Charles Petrie. New York: The Macmillan Co. 233 pp. $3.50.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN. By Allan A. Michie. New York: William Sloane Assoc. 396 pp. $5.

ELIZABETH AND PHILIP. By Geoffrey Bocca. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 248 pp. $3.50.

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Eisenhower to let him travel along as a witness of D-Day. The King's tact and firmness alone finally prevented the Prime Minister from sailing as a crew member of one of His Majesty's ships. Again, Lord Mountbatten revealed, according to Mr. Michie, that it was only at George VI's personal request that he acceded to the Labour Government's request to go out to India as the ultimate Viceroy. Indeed, as the "unmoved Knower" of all cabinet secrets,—technically his secrets—the King is a constant source of calm and continuous counsel for all his ministers, of whatever their political complexion.

A SECOND "must" for a monarch is that the living impersonation be not too far from what the imagination and desire of their people will him or her to be. Here Geoffrey Bocca in "Elizabeth and Philip" throws light on the complex of choices always facing royalty: how much may they smoke? drink? play cards? gamble on horses? shoot stags? how should they dress, how much may they weigh? and how much mourn? Sir Charles points out that when Queen Victoria protracted her mourning for Prince Albert, she weakened the power of the Crown itself, and also injured her own personal popularity. The tragedy of the abdication of Edward VIII was that for his people it was so "sad an end to their high hopes" which had been raised from his earliest youth by one whose life "had been a pathway of promises." Not only do the people want to *see* their royalty, they like to see them dressed up: in the worst days of the Depression, when the Duke of Kent and Princess Marina were married, the flamboyant photos of the new duchess's several tiaras were greeted by badly undernourished slum-dwellers in rat-ridden, water-logged basements with "Coo, ain't she a dream?"—never with "what she got I don't have?" The age-old tradition of physical contact between King and people is still very strong. The King's Evil (scrofula) is no longer cured solely by the King's touch, but the royal handshake, the royal glance have all, indeed, perhaps more, of their old power.

—*Photos from Culver.*

Edward VIII—". . . 'sad an end'."

The third, and of course the most important factor, present in the British monarchy and in no other, is its intense pragmatism. It used to be said of the bicycle that it contradicted all the laws of mechanics. Still, bicycles have continued to proceed forwards. Likewise the British monarchy, although in many ways a contradiction of all that monarchy implies—royal birth for example—survives surprisingly well. From the anointing of the King of Dariada (Argyll) by St. Columba in 574 (the earliest attested coronation in the British Isles) to the present-day British kings have been killed on the battlefield, murdered in dungeons, beheaded, "crowned and again uncrowned," exiled, and shut up as mad. Living members of the royal family have advertised beauty creams; been paid as traveling salesmen; danced the can-can; married commoners and even Jews; had Nazi in-laws; visited the Pope; and ended up better loved than ever before.

All three authors, Messrs. Petrie, Michie, and Bocca, go into the question of the cost of the British monarchy in considerable detail, and have much that is little known to tell. The monarchy costs Great Britain about three million dollars a year, considerably more than the Presidency costs Americans, who are more than three times as numerous. But this sum is double-entry bookkeeping, for it is covered by the revenues of the Crown lands, ceded to Parliament by the King. These revenues, from which the Civil List is paid, balance the budget so far as the cost of royalty is concerned. But they do not account for the vast sums accumulated by various members of the royal family, beginning with Queen Victoria, which, tax-free and death-duty-free, now amount to more than the sums granted by Parliament.

Max Lerner commented with amazement on the way the British keep their Empire together with "sticks and stones, a bit of glue and some swagger." Mr. Michie has some delightful anecdotes illustrating how the archaic, anachronistic institution of monarchy functions: Queen Mother Elizabeth, after launching the great ship named for her, coming down the gangway clutching a bag of white buns for her husband who hadn't seen such a thing during the six years of war. Elizabeth

Victoria—"injured her popularity."

II, aged five, tugging at her grandmother to let her go on to the balcony at "Buck House" where "there are lots of people waiting to see *me*" and being sternly sent out of the back door by Queen Mary. King George VI, on the last evening of his life, after shooting over fifty hares and pheasants, going out three times to the kennels to see his favorite dog, which had a thorn in its paw. Elizabeth ordering Philip to sit down, while she rode standing in a white jeep through Canadian streets. Mr. Bocca's stories are racier: Philip calling Elizabeth, and not once only, "silly sausage"; Elizabeth brushing a child's tiny flag impatiently off her knee; Philip, "with admirable self-control" refraining from "bringing down a couple of skulking sightseers" with his gun on the royal honeymoon.

THE British Crown is not only, like Old Glory, a symbol of the free association of a number of peoples. It *is* one of these same people, carried about and near-worshiped, plastered with jewels or decked in uniform riding a parade horse, but still able to talk about "my wife and children" or to say "it's me blowers they say have gone wrong" when dying of lung-cancer. Mr. Michie quotes the London *Observer* as explaining that the real binding force of the Crown is that, in the person of one human being, the member of a very typical human family, it has "cleared the channels of the people to the subconscious and emotive strata of the collective soul." In the reign of the first Elizabeth, Sir Walter Raleigh wrote that "the councils to which Time is not called, Time will not ratify." In the reign of Elizabeth the Second, it is possible to see just how well time has been called in to the councils of the essentially incarnational and viable Crown.

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God Save the Queen!

By Bernard Kalb

One of the cheapest and most comfortable ways of attending the coming Coronation of Elizabeth II is through books. Mr. Kalb reports on seven volumes that will help.

JUST about the hottest piece of real estate in the world these days is a comparatively small rectangle of downtown London, where, on June 2, a Queen—the sixth Queen Regnant in British history—will be coronated. Not an inch of that rectangle has been overlooked, yet a little shoulder-space is hard to come by. A baron, a viscount, even a marquess, among the fortunate 7,500 royal guests (some with a sandwich or two sewed into the silky linings of their robes to sustain them through the long ceremony), have been allotted no more than eighteen to twenty inches of Westminster Abbey, the scene of thirty-seven coronations since 1066. Outside, along the Mall, in Trafalgar Square, down the processional route, bleachers to seat 100,000 have been constructed by the Government. There isn't a seat to be had these days, despite the fancy prices. Window space, roof space, balcony space, any kind of space—these, too, are gone. Only the last scraps of ground within the rectangle are being held, unreserved, for 435,000 persons on a first-come, first-served basis, a set of conditions which should make things nice and jolly in the early morning hours of June 2. There are 8,326,137 loyal subjects in London alone.

To anyone this side of the Atlantic, these statistics would appear to be all the more reason to *remain* this side of the Atlantic. Here, the Coronation can be attended comfortably—by book. There is plenty of new literature on the subject, and it's a pleasure to report that, even in print, the Coronation is altogether majestic and triumphant. Of the seven new books that have come my way, each, it turns out, is aimed at a different level of coronation interest—the general, the historical, the scholarly, the pictorial, the anecdotal, the casual.

To get down to cases, the handsomest package of the lot is "The History of the Coronation," an outsize 9″ x 12″ volume, which, lucidly and pictorially, ranges over the complex and vast subject. Its author is Lawrence E. Tanner, MVO, VPSA, and Keeper of the Muniments and Library, Westminster Abbey. Mr. Tanner is a double-threat man. A gentleman who served as the Gold Staff Officer at the coronation of King George VI in 1937, he is also a scholar who knows just about all there is to be known about coronations. His book is divided into the irreducible aspects of any enthroning—the coronation setting, origins of the service, the ceremony and ritual, dignitaries at the ceremony, some medieval coronations, more historic crownings, coronations of Queens Regnant, the Coronation Chair and Regalia, and the music. Complementing the text are 111 half-tone illustrations—from a reproduction of the only known contemporary impression of the Coronation of Queen Elizabeth (1559) to an arresting series of photographs of the Coronation of George VI.

DETAIL by detail, the coronation story is constructed by Mr. Tanner—not only the story of the coming Coronation but of coronations of the past. The panorama is rich and reverent. Nor does it exclude an occasional contretemps. At the Coronation of Queen Victoria in 1838, to single out one coronation-with-a-hitch, the bishops started the Litany *before* the delivery of the Regalia, or, as the Regalia is known to most people west of the Atlantic, the jewels. Well, that's wrong. What is more, the service was actually suspended for a second to discuss the question of just which finger the Ring was to be slipped on. The archbishop, a stickler for protocol, put it on Victoria's fourth finger, despite the fact that the Ring by mistake had been made to fit her pinky. Victoria didn't forget it, either. That night, after "the *Proudest* day of my life!," she wrote: "The archbishop had (most awkwardly) put the ring on the wrong finger, and the consequence was that I had the greatest difficulty to take it off again, which I at last did with great pain." Altogether, Mr. Tanner's contribution is an excellent, dignified encyclopedia on coronations.

The overwhelming impact of June 2 has also sent Randolph S. Churchill to the typewriter, and he's come up with a pretty interesting account of what it's all about. He, like Mr. Tanner, has jotted down the details of what may be expected at the coming big event. Further, Mr. Churchill has done some broken-field running across one thousand years of British history, stopping to take on the old stand-bys, like the significance of the coronation and the Abbey ceremony. At one point, Mr. Churchill, in a bow to that little innovation of our century, the TV set, discusses what impact television is likely to have on the crowds in London's streets. "It may well be found that this year television will steal the crowds," he concludes. In this connection, Scotland Yard is quoted as saying that the biggest crowds are drawn by funerals, with royal weddings runners-up. Coronations are a close third. One other thing: Mr. Churchill devotes a chap-

The Books

These are the books Bernard Kalb mentions in his article:

THE HISTORY OF THE CORONATION. By Lawrence E. Tanner. New York: British Book Centre. 96 pp. $4.50. A handsome, lucid, pictorial wrap-up of the Coronation story.

THE STORY OF THE CORONATION. By Randolph S. Churchill. New York: British Book Centre. 152 pp. $3. An interestingly told account of coronations, dealing in all aspects of the subject.

THE CORONATION BOOK. By Leonard Wibberley. New York: Farrar, Straus & Young. 191 pp. $2.75. A breezy, anecdotal book. On the lightweight side.

THE CORONATION SERVICE OF QUEEN ELIZABETH II. By E. C. Ratcliff. New York: Cambridge University Press. 79 pp. $1.75. The text of the coronation service, together with a short history of the rite. For the serious scholar.

THE FORM & ORDER OF THE SERVICE . . . IN THE CORONATION. New York: Cambridge University Press. 63 pp. $1.75. The text of the Coronation service—no more, no less. A first-rate job of typography.

THE QUEEN & HER ROYAL RELATIONS. By Conrad Miller-Brown. New York: British Book Centre. 47 pp. $2. Just the thing for anyone interested in who's related to whom in European royalty.

THE BOOK OF THE CORONATION. By Francis Hunt and Alan Lindsay. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. 30 pp. $1.50. A fragmentary account, with comic-book type illustrations.

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ter to "HRH the Duke of Edinburgh," the first sentence of which is: "The role of a man who marries a queen cannot be an easy one." He tells why.

As for Book Number 3, it's just about worth its weight in airplane tickets to London. A dignified job of typography, it's called, to use its complete title, "The Form & Order of the Service that Is to be Performed & the Ceremonies that Are to be Observed in The Coronation of Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth," and the book is exactly that—no more, no less, at once enthralling and moving. Here, every word uttered, every move made in and around the Coronation Chair can be found. The anthem with which the Queen is welcomed when she enters the Abbey. The words spoken by the archbishop, "Madam, is your Majesty willing to take the Oath?," and her reply, her very first words, "I am willing." "God Save Queen Elizabeth," in thick black type, leaps off the pages of the book. You can almost hear the outburst in your inner ear.

ANOTHER book containing "The Form & Order" is "The Coronation Service of Queen Elizabeth," by E. C. Ratcliff. Mr. Ratcliff, Ely Professor of Divinity at the University of Cambridge, has sandwiched the service in between thirty-one pages of history and thirteen pages of an English translation of the "Liber Regalis," or, "Royal Book." All in all, a book for the serious coronation student.

Now, for anyone interested in the royal families of Europe, insofar as they relate to Queen Elizabeth II, Conrad Miller-Brown's "The Queen & Her Royal Relations" is just the thing. It's short, it's to the point, it's got genealogical trees, and it's about as uncomplicated as anything you could ask for on a subject that is complicated. Mr. Miller-Brown has subtitled his work "A Who's Who of the Royal Families of Europe," and, if you hadn't known it before, you'll learn that Elizabeth and Philip are two of Queen Victoria's great-great-grandchildren. Incidentally, there are one hundred others.

Three more riders on the Coronation bandwagon are Leonard Wibberley, with "The Coronation Book," and Francis Hunt and Alan Lindsay, with their "The Book of the Coronation." (The coronation is hard on title-writers.) Mr. Wibberley, a newspaperman on the *Los Angeles Times*, has concentrated chiefly on the anecdotal aspects of coronation history. What is the story of the "Star of Africa," the 516-carat diamond in the Royal Sceptre? Of the Stone of Scone? Of the Royal Coach? Well, Mr. Wibberley has answered those and quite a few other questions in a breezily dashed-off style. As for "The Book of the Coronation," well, there's little, very little, to be said for it. It's a skinny volume that unconcernedly makes a pass at telescoping a thousand years' British history into a few pages. It is illustrated like a comic-book, to boot. Any of the other books, however, particularly Mr. Tanner's and Mr. Churchill's, will give you a good armchair view of the spirit and pageantry of the coming Coronation—perhaps a better view than a short man will get in Piccadilly.

King George V with his Queen—"never let his ministers forget he was there."

Modern Hanoverian

By William B. Willcox

Professor Willcox of the University of Michigan, author of "Star of Empire: A Study of Britain as a World Power," reviews "KING GEORGE THE FIFTH: HIS LIFE AND REIGN," *the book in which* HAROLD NICOLSON *explains the paradoxical man who made British monarchy democratic.*

THE British are baffling to us in many ways, but most of all in their attitude toward monarchy. How can they reconcile the principle of popular sovereignty with the fact of an hereditary sovereign? The monarchy, it seems, has become so firmly linked with the common people that it is itself an attribute of their democracy. No wonder it puzzles us.

The puzzle is the creation of the twentieth century, and largely of the reign of George V. Victorian monarchy was imbedded in an oligarchic world, which was coming apart at the seams before Victoria's son and successor, Edward VII, died in 1910. In the enormous changes of the next quarter-century Victorian precedents dissolved; monarchy had to adapt to the times or disappear. It adapted, through a succession of political crises unmatched in modern British history, through social upheaval, war, depression, and the metamorphosis of the empire into a community of free nations. It did all this, furthermore, under the guidance of a man with few outstanding gifts except conscientiousness, commonsense, and a capacity for subordinating himself in the service of the Crown.

Subordinating, but not obliterating. Americans are apt to explain the crown as a constitutional mechanism, operated by the Government without regard to the sovereign's personality. This explanation is too simple: the major action of Harold Nicolson's story in "King George the Fifth: His Life and Reign" is action by the King as a person, not a machine. George insisted, with almost the asperity of his grandmother, on being kept informed of developments; and he used his information to conciliate, to advise, and to warn. Although he was scrupulously careful to avoid being a political force, he never let his ministers forget that he was there. In moments of crisis he took the constitutional bit in his teeth, as when he hinted that he might either veto the third Home Rule Bill or dismiss the cabinet. At such moments he, of course, had the best advice obtain-

(*Continued on page* 36)

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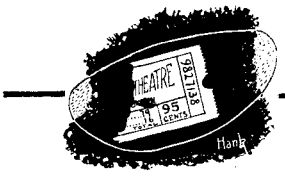

BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

Who Threw the Overalls in Mr. Porter's Bouillabaisse?

IN this day of shrinking theatre, a tastefully conceived musical comedy that contains a rash of spectacular scenes, a flurry of vivid dances, and a snatch here and there of a song identifiable as having been composed by Cole Porter should be greeted ungrudgingly. Yet, somehow, when a theatregoer goes to the trouble and expense required to secure a pair of seats to "Can-Can," he is liable to expect quite a bit more than what he might be offered in "Paris Week at Radio City Music Hall."

To be fair to "Can-Can," it must be acknowledged that it is the second-best musical of the year, and the only one to attempt an original book. It can even be said that there are moments in the show which fulfill the promise inherent in a collaboration list that includes such theatre-wise names as Porter, Mielziner, Motley, Kidd, and Burrows. The song "I Am In Love" is only briefly heard, but I suspect it will take its place in the gallery of distinguished Cole Porter hits. Jo Mielziner's opening curtain—a map of Paris done delicately in French blue—sets a standard of taste and style which, if followed throughout the show, might have made "Can-Can" a masterpiece. Motley's costumes and Michael Kidd's staging of a facetious ballet number ostensibly poking fun at censorship by comparing it with the post-apple period in the Garden of Eden is a handsome first act finale. In the second act there is an uproarious scene in which an unwilling duelist is forced to fight an expert swordsman. The bit, a variation of an old burlesque routine, is the kind of basic comedy that brings out the best writing and directing talents of Abe Burrows.

Then, too, there is the welcome new personality of Gwen Verdon, whose high spirits and willingness to give herself fully to the imaginative dances Mr. Kidd has choreographed for her established her as the dancing discovery of the season. Miss Verdon's travesty of an apache dance stopped the show for five minutes on opening night, but is actually less inventive than her strip-tease antics as Eve La Eve in the Garden of Eden.

Also a new personality for American audiences is Lilo, a strong-voiced little blonde with the worldly kind of charm one associates with cabaret singers. The moment when she asks, "Could a Parisian judge fall in love with a girl from Montmartre?" has that bittersweet quality that is the hallmark of most Cole Porter ballads, including "Allez-vous en." "Can-Can's" equivalent of "Get Out of Town." Hans Conried, Erik Rhodes, and Peter Cookson also have moments when they demonstrate their competence as performers, even though they are never allowed to parlay them into a solid characterization.

The above virtues come to the surface just often enough to let us know the kind of thing that might have been achieved with a better use of the talents Messrs. Feuer and Martin have rounded up. Instead, "Can-Can" seems so bent on taking us on a zip-zip tour of Montmartre, *circa* 1893, that its plot never has time to thicken.

ABE BURROWS starts with a good theme. A high-principled Paris judge exposes himself to the supposedly low principles that exist in the bohemian sector of Paris and learns compassion. In the subplot, a powerful and clever art critic falls in love with the mistress of an untalented sculptor, only to discover that all his superiority cannot prevail over her true affection for the sculptor. The sculptor, in turn, finds out that he must not interfere with the dancing aspirations of his mistress. All this is rather weakly summed up in a song halfway through the first act titled "Live and Let Live." However, Mr. Burrows does not remain true to his theme, even in his fashion. The transformations are arbitrary, and the characters fluctuate back and forth between opposite poles of cynicism and sentimentality. Mr. Porter's score is less interesting lyrically and melodically than it is rhythmically, and most of the songs are used so briefly that there is no accrual of mood. Half the number of songs but each more fully developed and presented would have helped both the

"Can-Can" introduces Gwen Verdon (holding grapes), the "dancing discovery of the season," and Lilo (right) "with worldly charm."

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show and Mr. Porter's reputation.

On the pictorial side, Jo Mielziner's scenery with its vistas of Paris draws gasps of praise at the beginning of each new scene, but somehow it lacks the richness he previously achieved when he expressed his feelings toward another city in "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn" a couple of years back. Compare his rooftop scene in both shows. Both have magic, but the one showing the underside of the Brooklyn Bridge and the rust-colored oil tanks across the river is almost a play in itself, while Paris with the Eiffel Tower and the Seine in the distance soon becomes just another tourist postcard, albeit one you will want to paste in your album. The real miracle of Mr. Mielziner's work in "Can-Can" is his ingenuity in designing five full-stage sets and three shallower ones that shift from one into the next without the necessity of playing a covering scene "down in one" in front of a curtain.

He makes it possible for "Can-Can" to whip along so rapidly that you never get bored. However, you don't get interested either, and a happier solution might have been a simpler and richer story which would burgeon from one moment into the next, with the main characters continuing to reveal their natures up to the final curtain. As it is, only a small part of a large pool of talent has been utilized and only a token glimpse of a splendid subject displayed. Paris may be a wonderful town, but "Can-Can" isn't.

A RECENT revival worth noting is Dr. Milton Smith's production of Richard Cumberland's "The West Indian" at Columbia University's Brander Matthews Theatre. Written in 1771, the play is an outstanding example of the sentimental comedy. Despite an involved plot, "The West Indian" seemed to me the most successful of the many minor classics Dr. Smith has rescued from the relative oblivion of the library. The sentimental nature of the script seems to make the motivation more understandable to us than do the more hard-boiled and artificial plays of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. At the same time, it is full of the stylish conventions we miss so much in our contemporary theatre. The direction by Dr. Smith and Gertrude Keller is extremely legible. Herbert Senn's settings are gay and give a real feeling of the period. And the acting company happily includes Mark Rudkin, an actor with a delivery faintly reminiscent of Olivier, and Carole McCrory, as lovely and well-mannered an ingenue as you could wish for. —HENRY HEWES.

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SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Mr. Belvedere Strikes Again

SOME notes 20th Century-Fox's publicity people have prepared reveal that Clifton Webb suggested his own role to the screenwriters of "Titanic." It appears he had always wanted to play "a man about the world, an international socialite" who in a moment of crisis proves himself "a tower of strength." The writers obligingly wrote this role into their script and proved quite convincingly, I should think, that writers should mind their business and actors should mind theirs. "Titanic," I guess it ought to be made clear, does not star Marilyn Monroe on a wide screen, but is a re-creation of the disaster that eliminated the 60,000-ton British liner on its maiden voyage, along with the lives of some fifteen hundred of its passengers and crew. And, as long as the picture sticks to the rather ghoulish details of the terrible happening, it is interesting and, one might even say (to use a bit of outmoded reviewing terminology), gripping. But, unfortunately, there is that story, at least partially suggested by Mr. Webb, unraveled at a lumbering pace the while ship and iceberg slowly approach their ill-starred meeting.

Clifton Webb, as actor, barely manages to get on board ship (there are quite a few of these life's little and big ironies—some a matter of historical record—seeded throughout the movie) in time to accompany his wife, son, and daughter to their separate fates. It seems that the wife (Barbara Stanwyck) has grown weary of the life that the aging international playboy leads her, including luxurious hotel suites in the best Continental playgrounds, parties attended by royalty, and too much fancy stuff in general, and wants to return to a more wholesome life in Midwest America, where, presumably, no snobbish pretensions exist. But Webb is on that boat because he will have none of this lowbrow upbringing for his son and daughter, much preferring to have the girl continue her spoiled and snobbish development and the boy to grow up to be a gentleman in his father's image.

Miss Stanwyck is driven to extreme measures to thwart him and on the second night out informs her husband that the boy is not his own, but the product of a one-night liaison on the beach at Le Toucquet. It was madness, she was depressed and bitter, the young stranger was gentle and kind—and it happened. Mr. Webb sulks over a bridge table for the rest of the voyage, alternately barking at his "son" and accusing his wife of an unforgivable breach of taste, but no sooner does the ship strike ice than he is that tower of strength and herds hundreds of women and children to the lifeboats. He has one last forgiving moment, with his wife, when he tells her that he will always remember that flower-scented evening they met, and when the boy proves himself every inch a young gentleman by giving up his place in the lifeboat to a lady, Webb is moved to put his arm around him and proudly enunciate, "My *son*." Shortly after that the ship goes down.

Charles Brackett, the producer, was also one of the writers, and while he seems to have listened to Webb on the story he was much more astute in choosing his set designers and special effects men. Some twenty sets, encompassing everything from the engine room to the dining salon of R. M. S. *Titanic*, are impeccably depicted, and the camera is evidently made to sway rhythmically in order to get the effect of being at sea. And one must be entirely laudatory about the special effects: the ship's striking the ice mass, its final agony, and the plunge into the depths. It's done realistically enough to make one wonder how the devil they managed it.

There are also some good minor performances, notably Richard Basehart's as an unfrocked priest, Allyn Joslyn's as the legendary chap who disguised himself as a woman in order to have a place on a lifeboat, Thelma Ritter's as a rich and uncouth American widow, and Brian Aherne's as captain of the supposedly unsinkable floating palace. Ray Kellogg is the real star of the movie, though. He was the special effects man.

* * *

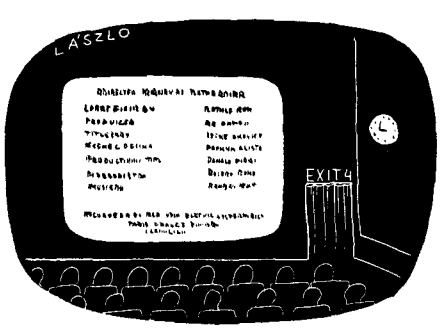
THE seven deadly sins listed by the catechism (not to be confused with the four mortal sins) have through the centuries inspired all sorts of creative minds to works of art, and one would think the movies would have gotten around to them before now.

Well, now we have them, done by a group of seven French and Italian directors (some of whom have done their own screen plays) and using a virtual galaxy of Continental actors. Among the noted players are Michele Morgan, Gerard Philipe, Henri Vidal, Isa Miranda, Francoise Rosay, Paolo Stoppa, Noel-Noel, and Viviane Romance. All of them are good to see, brief turns though many of them have, since seven episodes are used to illustrate the various sins. Each of the directors has been made responsible for a single episode, and the movie thus gives us the chance to see exhibited work by Roberto Rossellini, Claude Autant-Lara, Carlo Rim, and Eduardo de Filippo. To put it bluntly, though, the sin shown in "The Seven Deadly Sins" is not always interesting, and sometimes is downright dull.

The trouble with a good many of the episodes is that the writers have been willing to settle for some simple ironic effects, hoping to get by with a surprise instead of an insight. The episode titled "Gluttony" is the most offensive, literally, since it does little more than dish up an old farmer's wife sort of joke. Another, "Envy," done by Rossellini, has the advantage of being based on a famous Colette story, "The Cat," and then proceeds upon a remorselessly dull course. Surprisingly, at the very end it comes alive with some reflections upon the nature of envy that might have suggested another and better story. "Pride," made by Autant-Lara, has in it some distinguished acting by Miss Morgan and Jean Debucourt, but also winds up with some familiar irony.

De Filippo does well, on the other hand, with "Avarice" and "Anger" (both illustrated in the one episode) and Yves Allegret is moodily effective with his "Lust," perhaps the best of the stories. "Sloth" is pure whimsy, and I was willing to take it or leave it. "The Eighth Sin," added for good measure, makes the most solid point of all and has a peculiar and current relevance; since the movie benefits by its surprise values I cannot in good conscience reveal it. I think, on the whole, that the movie had better be recommended; it is so unusual an attempt, so much out of the general run, that it might be worth the time to sit through some of the bad in order to get the good.

—HOLLIS ALPERT.



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MUSIC TO MY EARS

The Late Lipatti Memorialized

THE occasion of a memorial concert for the late Dinu Lipatti, such as occurred in Town Hall recently, must necessarily be one of sadness, tinged a little bit by some gratitude that his memory means something to us, though he never visited this country. As some are aware, and many more will learn, this remarkable Rumanian musician left a scant few recordings at his death two years ago (in the prime of life) which proclaim him one of the notable interpretative artists of our time.

There has not, to my knowledge, been another reputation made this way—almost anonymously, simply on the strength of an esthetic impulse recorded by mechanical means. The argument that the strength of that impulse must have been considerable is easy to grant, as easy, indeed, as it is to enjoy the Lipatti way with Schumann, Grieg, Chopin, Mozart, and even Bach.

All this was known before the "memorial" concert, and nothing more can be added to it, for the manifestation on his behalf could only be in another dimension. For the first time we were offered some evidence on which to base a judgment on the thesis that Lipatti at his death (at thirty-three) was also a composer of substance and considerable promise. Exhibits A and B were respectively a "Concertino in Classic Style," in which his widow, Madeleine Lipatti, was the piano soloist, and an orchestral suite, "Tziganes." Both works were conducted by his friend and compatriot Remus Tzincoca.

How much of the compositional output of Lipatti this represented is not mine to say, for this is but the beginning of our acquaintance with his creative gifts. But if these were selected, with the natural purpose of establishing good will and receptivity for more, the judgment must only be that they rather missed the mark. Oddly, too, the "Tziganes" (written when he was but sixteen) shows considerable more daring, vitality, and zest than the rather innocuous "Concertino" of later date.

How this adds up would be a mere surmise, for we lack some missing integers of style and development. But there sounds in the earlier work a freely inspired folk impulse, mingling tendencies of Enesco, Bartok, even Kodaly, which has been "purified" out of the later work. Here the striving seems to be for a musical expression of a more general sort, based on such durable elements as the Bach chorale-prelude style, in movement one; an improvisation, in a modern idiom, almost tangibly based on the "Air" from the suite in D of the same composer in movement two; a Mozart reference in the third movement, something of Italian import (Pergolesi or such) in the finale. A pleasant piece certainly, and as played by Mme. Lipatti with a good deal of verve and fluency a reasonably enjoyable one: but not one, I think, that would have made its way to our attention unaided by the Lipatti reputation as a performer.

Prior to the *hommage à Lipatti* Tzincoca put himself forth for inspection as a conductor in performances of Beethoven's fourth symphony and four excerpts from Faure's "Pelléas et Mélisande" music. Town Hall is no place in which to value a conductor's impulses in music of symphonic scale, though the audible values marked him as a sounder conductor of Fauré than of Beethoven. The fact, also, that the ensemble was totally a Philharmonic one, used to working in the larger area of Carnegie Hall, should be borne in mind. All the obvious values were overstressed, the subtler ones minimized, with a lack of real finesse to go with Tzincoca's hearty musicality. At the evening's end one fact remained indisputable: Dinu Lipatti made some wonderful records.

Record Week

ONE of the incidental inconveniences of the long-playing record is that it has two sides, each avid for content. That may not qualify as the news break of the year, but its importance cannot be minimized when we are concerned with the kind of music that doesn't necessarily require two sides—where the problem is not space for the music, but music for the space.

This tends to be more a factor in vocal music than any other, for, short of opera scenes or Bach cantatas, etc., there is scant vocal music that asks twenty-odd minutes for its fulfilment. What is the consequence likely to be? Either the singer ventures into some areas for which he is not as well equipped as for some others, or he is likely to verge on monotony.

Two aspects of the same subject are offered by George London's collection of opera arias on Columbia ML 4658 ($5.45) and Suzanne Danco's seventeenth- and eighteenth-century material on London LS 698 ($4.85).

One side of the London disc is devoted to miscellaneous material from Berlioz's "Damnation du Faust" ("Mephistopheles's Serenade"), Gounod's "Veau d'Or," "Ecco il mondo," from Boïto's "Mefistofele," etc. The other side finds him doing two scenes of Wotan from the "Ring"—"Abendlich strahlt" ("Rheingold") and the "Farewell" from "Walküre." He is no more than uneven in the shorter works: the Gounod excerpt is excellent, the Berlioz rather crude; and one would hardly suspect from the excellent version of "Do Not Weep, My Child" (Rubinstein's "Demon" is the source) that he could work such exaggerations on Moussorgsky's "Song of the Flea" as he does. However, London does not seem to me to have either the weight of voice or depth of experience to sing Wotan on records yet. It is one thing to gather experience, if need be, under such circumstances in the theatre; but that does not argue equal indulgence on records. Rudolf Moralt is a not too interesting conductor of the Vienna Symphony throughout, save for the Rubinstein excerpt made in New York with Kurt Adler.

So much for broad contrasts. In the narrower area of music chosen by Miss Danco (though two centuries would seem varied enough for any tastes) she gives serviceable art to Bach's "Bist du bei Mir," "Warum betruebst du Dich," and "Komm, suesser Tod," Gluck's "O del mio dolce ardor," "Amarilli" of Caccini, etc., but hardly the variety of manner to sustain the interest. All is gen-

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teel, well-bred, and carefully studied: but the increasing evidence is that a little of Miss Danco goes far enough. In the Bach excerpts and Schütz's "Eile mich, Gott, zu erretten" she is well accompanied by Jeanne Demessieux at the organ, in the other material by Guido Agosti at the piano.

Vanguard offers its version of a solution in a disc that adheres to one repertory—the songs of Richard Strauss—but pairs the talents of Anne Felbermayer, soprano, and Alfred Poell, baritone. Each has a side and a total of eight songs, almost all of the more unfamiliar order, though Miss Felbermayer includes "Schlechtes Wetter" and "Morgen" in her group, and Poell offers "Ruhe, Meine Seele!" and "Traum durch die Dämmerung" among his. (Vanguard VRS 431, $5.95.)

Thus far, all is well. But the evidence of the testing is that Miss Felbermayer sings her material with spirit and attractive style (sometimes the voice is slightly off-center), Dr. Poell his with the deadly determination and general lack of animation we have come to know as characteristic of him. Miss Felbermayer is especially effective in a little known song titled "Ach lieb, ich muss nun scheiden" and her "Schlechtes Wetter" is, at least, in the manner of Elisabeth Schumann's famous performance. Whether the intelligent musicianship Poell applies to "Winterliebe" or "Das Rosenband" would make for more meaningful listening if he had another instrument to work with is a tantalizing if pointless speculation, since vocalists, unlike violinists or pianists, cannot shop around for a sound other than the one they have. His is pretty dark and menacing most of the time. Let it be said, however, that both singers know what they are about, as does Victor Graef, who is the excellent accompanist throughout. Vanguard's annotation provides us with both German and English texts, a worthy service. Unfortunately, the authors of the texts are not identified.

In fitting conclusion to its notable series, Decca's fifth LP of Heinrich Schlusnus reissues includes the late baritone's masterful performances of such favorite songs as Mendelssohn's "Auf Flügeln des Gesanges," Schubert's "Ständchen," and Schumann's "Two Grenadiers" as well as two ballads of Löwe ("Das Erkennen") and "Der Nöck" and the lesser known "Talismane" of Schumann. Summing up the whole is Schlusnus's own choice of a valedictory: Schubert's "An die Musik." Franz Rupp, Sebastian Peschko, and Otto Braun are the uniformly excellent pianists. (Decca DL 9624. $5.85.) —Irving Kolodin.

American Lives

Continued from page 15

teller philanthropies. Few books fail to be improved by revision and rewriting, and this is no exception. Excessive words have been deleted, unimportant material left out, and the whole job made tighter. It is still the fairest and ablest book on its subject, essential to any study of Rockefeller and the Standard Oil.

American historians will be particularly interested in discovering whether Professor Chester M. Destler's article in the *American Historical Review* of October 1944, defending Henry Demarest Lloyd's "Wealth Against Commonwealth" from Nevins's criticism, and Nevins's reply of April 1945 in the same *Review* have colored the new book. The answer is, they have not! Said Nevins of the Lloyd book in 1940, "As a polemic of the time it was magnificent; as a piece of industrial history for study by posterity it was almost utterly worthless." In 1935 he writes, "As a piece of business history (which it purports to be) it is ludicrous; as a contribution to biographical data upon Rockefeller it is at best misleading, at worse maliciously false." On the alleged criminal acts committed against the Matthews refinery in Buffalo, of which Destler makes much in his article defending Lloyd, Nevins dismisses the matter with one-eighth the space he had previously used. In this controversy Destler based his argument largely on the result of checking Lloyd's footnotes for accuracy; Nevins on the accuracy of the general story and the impression of Rockefeller given by Lloyd. The footnotes may have generally been accurate, but there seems to be little doubt that the overall picture painted by Lloyd was often far from the truth. The new Nevins book seems dispassionate in its efforts to get at the truth, and it does not hesitate to criticize Standard Oil policies and those of Rockefeller. Such criticisms recur time and again.

TWO aspects of this story are of especial interest. The first, of course, is Rockefeller's personality and his contribution to the building of the Standard Oil structure. The second is the problem of monopoly. What was there about Rockefeller that during his life made him one of the most unpopular men of his day? Personally he was a quiet, modest, kindly man, who shunned publicity and was a sincere follower of the conventional moralities. He seldom showed anger, never fought with his extremely able colleagues, but carried them along through his own strength of leadership. For some of the worst deeds of his company he was not responsible; those that he countenanced were typical of business of his day. In the chaotic competition of the time, superior ability rather than deeper guilt won him the victory.

Nor did the fact that he donated over a half billion dollars wisely and to good causes soften public opinion. His guilt became almost an American folk myth. The reasons, of course, are simple. As the head of a concern which virtually created the first monopoly in the United States he was in an exposed position. No one could have had a worse press. This was caused partly by his refusal to answer charges or defend himself, and partly by the exaggerated or false stories built up against him by Lloyd, Tarbell, and others. Despite all this, and the fact that little was done to influence or soften public opinion, much of the enmity had passed by the time of his death. An amazing shift in folk psychology!

Quite as confusing as the public attitude on Rockefeller is the problem of monopoly. Standard Oil went through all the forms—pools, trusts, holding companies, and community of interests. It exemplified the complete and classic history. Despite all the current glorification of "free enterprise" and laissez-faire, the early oil industry represented a situation too chaotic and disastrous to exist long. Rockefeller understood this well enough and spent much of his life in establishing some control in order to reduce overproduction and fantastic competition. Since utter laissez-faire produces economic chaos, some control is necessary for economic life to function.

Twice the courts broke up the Standard Oil consolidation, but monopoly conditions continue, at least as far as the consumers are concerned. The dissolution of 1911 made little difference to the consumer, since the same price has generally been charged by all companies. Through price leadership, trade associations, and other methods, "administrative prices" rather than competitive prices have been the rule. Business has learned how to live despite antitrust laws, but the consumer has gained little. Such is the result of seventy-five years of monopoly controversy centered around Standard Oil. [Charles Scribner's Sons. Two vols. 941 pp. $10.]

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Science of Cheat

By Lee Rogow

ALVA JOHNSTON'S "THE LEGENDARY MIZNERS" *celebrates two specimens of that most fascinating species, the gentlemanly enemy of society.*

IT IS amazing how charming is chicanery! Who cares a fig for widows swindled in the Florida real estate boom, for lonesome gold miners cheated of their dust on the crooked scales of a Klondike honky-tonk, for maidens deflowered individually and in groups, for Broadwayites painfully etched by an acid wit? They are remembered only because they happened to occur in the lives of Wilson and Addison Mizner, and the general impression created by historians is that the victims should have been proud of the opportunity to participate.

The delight we take in reading of "The Legendary Mizners" in Alva Johnston's book is the same we get from Jeff Peters, Raffles, and the other anti-social climbers. They appeal to the universal urge to get away with it all. Among the colorless millions who peacefully cultivate their gardens there appears to be bountiful admiration for the tramp who nips over the wall and steals the fruit. Especially if that tramp has the good sense or the good fortune to be picturesque.

It must be admitted that Wilson Mizner and his brother Addison went at the business of being picturesque and took it right out of this world. It is doubtful whether such juicy characters could ever again occur in our drab, sack-suited generation. They belong to the frontier, to the gold rush, to the underwater real estate development, to the nights when the fabled restaurants of New York were the Camelots for tournaments of jest. Today the brilliant eccentric, when he occurs at all, tells his life story to the analyst rather than the biographer.

Of the two brothers, Addison was the builder. Still standing today are the medieval palaces this fanciful architect erected for the pound-foolish millionaires of Palm Beach. Wilson has also left his monument in the form of countless pearls of wit, many of which still creep into the columns, credited now to television comedians and the proprietors of rumba schools. His plays are now forgotten and his memorial is contained in such lines as "Another pot of coffee, waiter, and bring it under your arm to keep it warm."

This collection of the late Alva

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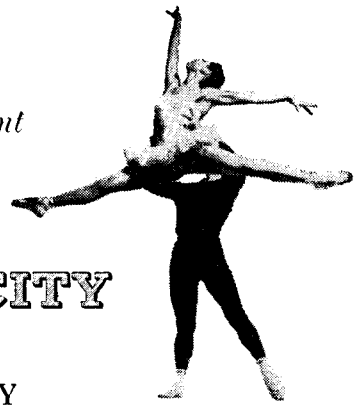

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Johnston's pieces from *The New Yorker* is not only a racy biography of a pair of picaresques, it is also a record of what might be called the Age of Exaggeration. It follows Addison from Benicia, California, to Guatemala, San Francisco, the Far East, Spain, and finally to Palm Beach. The story then logs Wilson through the gold diggings of Alaska, Hollywood, and Broadway, and finally brings the two brothers together for their epic achievement, the Florida real estate boom of the Twenties. That chronicle of madness among the mangroves is the triumph of Johnston's incisive reportage.

With Addison's file of sketches of European stone-piles, with Wilson's instinct for trimming a sucker, and with Harry Reichenbach's high octane prose, a national insanity was fomented. Subdivisions blossomed in the palmetto swamps, fifty-nine-hundred real estate agents swapped options like picture cards, a lot on Flagler Street sold for a price which required the owner to build a two-hundred story apartment house to get his money back, a cab driver who drove some eager buyers to Florida from the North parlayed his fare and the tip into a fortune, and the standard joke of the time celebrated the investor who was overjoyed to find land on his property.

Johnston's book, while as carefully researched as all *New Yorker* pieces, is a shirt-sleeves biography, alive with informality and fun. It is easily the best thing ever written by this gifted reporter, and it makes a handsome monument both to Johnston and his legendary larcenists. [Farrar, Straus & Young. 304 pp. $3.75.]

Just Published

MANY of the books described below, which we do not have space to review this week, will be given more extended notice in early issues.

ADVANCE TO BARBARISM. By F. J. P. Veale. Appleton, Wisc.: C. C. Nelson. $4.50. A book along the lines of Orwell's "1984," by an English lawyer, who believes our primitivism is increasing, especially in warfare; he cites the war crimes trials as one example.

THE BATTLE OF ALCAZAR. By E. W. Bovill. New York: British Book Centre. $4. An account of the events leading up to, and of the Battle of Alcazar in Morocco, which freed Elizabethan England once and for all from the threats of Spanish domination.

BEST ARTICLES: 1953. Edited by Rudolph Flesch. New York: Hermitage House. $3.50. A collection of twenty-five magazine articles which the editor feels were the best written last year.

CONTROVERSIAL MARK HOPKINS. By Estelle Latta. New York: Greenberg Publishers. $3. An investigation into the life and affairs of one of the builders of the Central Pacific Railroad (1869), by a descendant who is convinced that his multi-millions fell into the wrong hands after his death.

COUNTER-STATEMENT. By Kenneth Burke. Los Altos, Calif.: Hermes Publications. $3.50. A reissue of an early work of Kenneth Burke's, first published in 1931, that is fundamental to an understanding of his literary critical tenets, and to a knowledge of the practices of modern literary criticism.

THE CUP OF TREMBLING. By Karl Brown. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $4. An attempt, through fiction, to impugn the morals of Harriet Beecher Stowe, told from the viewpoint of her son Frederick.

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS: The Fourth Musketeer. By Ralph Hancock and Letitia Fairbanks. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $3.50. The life and times of one of the great stars of silent films.

THE EMPEROR'S LADY. By F. W. Kenyon. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co. $3.95. A fictional treatment of the life of Josephine, who may have been the one person who could keep Napoleon on the *qui vive*.

ERNEST BEVIN: Portrait of a Great Englishman. By Francis Williams. British Book Centre. $4.50. A biography of one of England's most prominent statesmen and leaders of the Labour Party during the past two decades.

EXPLORATIONS IN SCIENCE. By Waldemar Kaempffert. New York: The Viking Press. $3.50. A *New York Times* man pulls a series of articles from his grab bag on the various advances science has made since 1945 in fields such as atomic power, medicine, supersonic speed, weather control, astronautics, undersea salvage, and cryptography.

THE FACE OF THE DEEP. By Jacob Twersky. Cleveland: The World Publishing Co. $3.50. A novel about life in an institution for the blind, told in a series of first-person pieces by some of the inmates and the staff.

FLOWERS OF THE SOUTH: Native and Exotic. By Wilhelmina F. Greene and Hugo L. Blomquist. Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press. $5. Text and more than five hundred illustrations of the wild and cultivated flowers throughout the southern United States.

THE GERMAN STURM UND DRANG. By Roy Pascal. New York: Philosophical Library. $4.75. A study of some of the literary figures in Germany at the close of the eighteenth century, who were responsible for the great Romantic upheaval which was to affect all the arts in Europe and England and eventually here before the close of the nineteenth century.

INFINITY. By Lillian R. Lieber. New York: Rinehart & Co. $5. A new book—the seventh in a series about higher mathematics—by the author of "The Einstein Theory of Relativity," which drew the plaudits of the old master himself. Illustrated.

IRAN: Key to the Middle East. Richard N. Frye. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $2.50. An up-to-date survey of Iran's past and present, with special emphasis on her all-important role today. Also a bibliography, the Iranian Constitution, and the Teheran Declaration.

KINGFISHERS CATCH FIRE. By Rumer Godden. New York: The Viking Press. $3.50. A novel about the problems of a young English widow in India, who does not want to take her children back to England, by the author of those two fine books, "The River" and "Black Narcissus."

LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE IN SOCIETY. By Hugh Dalziel Duncan. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. $5. A study of the place of literature in society today, of how it gives us certain symbols in action, and of how it enriches our language with various images.

MR. CANTONWINE: A Moral Tale. By Lionel Barrymore. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $3. Mr. Barrymore, who has been a composer, conductor, actor and the brother of John and Ethel, is now a novelist, writing about an itinerant preacher in the times of Lincoln.

MODERN TOWN AND COUNTRY PLANNING IN GREAT BRITAIN. By James W. R. Adams. New York: British Book Centre. $6. A survey of historical and contemporary trends.

MY UNCLE LOUIS. By Robert Fontaine. New York: McGraw-Hill Book Co. $3.50. The author continues to work the gold mine opened up by his "The Happy Time" (1945) with further adventures of the delightful French-Canadian La France family.

NEIGHBORS NEEDN'T KNOW. By Sylvia Golden. New York: The Macmillan Co. $3. An intimate family fiction-chronicle set in the New York of forty years ago which sees ex-Hungarian Papa rise from salesman to headwaiter and the growing-up pains of his brood.

NIGHT IN BABYLON. By James Wellard. New York: St. Martin's Press. $2.75. An American tourist and his English wife are caught in France in 1956 when the Russian armies start pouring through in an effort to push the decadent capitalists off the European continent forever.

THE OLIVE TREE. By Robin Estridge. New York: William Morrow & Co. $3.50. American-born Mike Selva accompanies his Spanish father back to the old country to pick up his grandmother, but there are complications, which are resolved some time later with Mike *and* his grandmother returning to Spain from America for good.

ONE OF US IS WRONG. By Henry McLemore. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $3. A loose-jointed, anecdotal autobiography by a Georgia-born sportswriter and columnist.

PABLO'S MOUNTAIN. By Albert Johnston. New York: Crown Publishers. $3. The various struggles—with environment, jobs, crime, and love—of a Mexican family which emigrates to New York's Spanish Harlem after World War II.

THE PASSIONATE LAND. By Geoffrey Wagner. New York: Simon & Schuster. $3.50. A steaming novel of contemporary Mexico that involves Communists, ladies of the night, kidnapping, and drugs.

ROGUE'S YARN. By John Jennings. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $3.50. Another work by one of our more polished historical novelists—this time about a young American gadabout who leaves home a spoiled son during the Napoleonic Wars, and returns a proud, wiser man.

SHORT DICTIONARY OF MYTHOLOGY. By P. G. Woodcock. New York: Philosophical Library. $3.75. A short reference work on the various gods and goddesses, demons, and unicorns that have roamed the earth in past and present.

SOCIAL RESPONSIBILITIES OF THE BUSINESSMAN. By Howard R. Bowen. With Commentary by F. Ernest Johnson. New York: Harper & Bros. $3.50. A study of the social, ethical, and moral roles of the businessman in a society based on free enterprise.

TIME IS NOW. By Marjorie B. Paradis. New York: Abelard Press. $3. The story of Jane Hamilton, who is almost seventy, and of how she meets the problems of old age with good cheer and patience.

T. R. GLOVER: A Biography. By H. G. Wood. New York: Cambridge University Press. $4. A life of the non-conformist Cambridge Don, who was also a Greek scholar, by one of his colleagues.

THE TROUBLE IN THOR. By Jo Valentine. New York: Coward-McCann, $3. The lifes and loves of a Michigan mining town, where disaster, by erasing men's hatreds and fears, proves to be the cure-all.

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Fiction

Continued from page 17

before it had spontaneity and veracity. Yet the book as a whole has the ring of truth, and its satire, despite its good-nature, has bite enough to give point to the narrative. Certainly "7½ Cents" is fun to read. [Little, Brown & Co. 245 pp. $3.50.]

The Death of Rome

By Edmund Fuller

The siege of Constantinople in the mid-fifteenth century is the theme of MIKA WALTARI'S *sprawling, melodramatic romance,* "THE DARK ANGEL."

IN "The Dark Angel" the Finnish author Mika Waltari returns to his true forte after his venture, last year, into the short modern novel, "A Stranger Came to the Farm." Mr. Waltari's real gift is for the sprawling, historical canvas. He is a master of first-person narration. He knows how to choose a narrator of complex character, strategically so situated in relation to the events as to have maximum opportunities both for observation and participation. In this book, his device is a diary. The diarist is a cryptic, compelling personality known as John Angelos, or Jean Ange. The antecedents of this man are a mystery which Mr. Waltari gradually discloses.

The events John Angelos is recording are those of the siege and capture of Constantinople by the Osmanli Sultan, Mohammed II. The time span is from December 12, 1452 to May 30, 1453. Packed into this period of less than six months are some of the most dramatic and historically significant events of medieval Christendom. Mr. Waltari, as novelist, knows how to wring out of them, with embellishments, every ounce of human drama.

Brief sorties into the "Shorter Cambridge Medieval History" and the "Britannica" show that Mr. Waltari has built his story on a solid structure of historic fact, even in a good many of its minor details. On the other hand, these brief investigations do not tell us how much truth there may be in the lineage and personal history of John Angelos. Whether or not he exists, in history or tradition, Mr. Waltari makes him quite real to us.

The fear-stricken city is torn and divided by religious dissension. Emperor Constantine Palaeologos, as a political expedient, has concluded a union between the Eastern Orthodox and Roman Churches, in the vain hope of aid from a papal fleet. Angelos is an object of suspicion. He was once an intimate of the Sultan Mohammed. Has he really broken with the Sultan, as he claims, or is he a secret agent? John's involvement with Anna Notaras, daughter of an archduke hostile to the Emperor, helps to complicate his equivocal political position. Denying all rumors connecting him with the Sultan, John Angelos makes himself friend and aide to the gallant Genoese soldier-of-fortune John Giustiniani, chief defender of the city.

All of Waltari's characterizations are vivid, his story is swift and exciting, though more somber than his two picaresque chronicles of Michael Furfoot which followed "The Egyptian." The chief flaw in "The Dark Angel" is an occasional betrayal of the standard of his work, in terms of sheer "corn." The translation by Naomi Walford may be partly to blame, but not much. Waltari loves melodrama and is either indulging it more, or else continued reading of his work makes one increasingly conscious of it. But this flamboyance, or lack of inhibition, can be forgiven a man who sets a scene, recreates an age, and evokes character with such color, sweep, narrative vigor, and underlying scholarliness as Waltari possesses. [G. P. Putnam's Sons. 374 pp. $3.75.]

Lion

By James Michie

LION with the face of God
Hid in a cloud of hair,
Walking worried and just,
Making of captivity
A fabulous desert of pride,

Heraldic self-contained
Lion, serious as pain,
Yellow as topaz, erupting
Out of a bleak field
Onto our imagination,

Sandthroated lion in the glare,
Swamp lion howling, winter lion
Guarding a sunny pose
Even in the north wind,
Lion dreamt or seen in cloud,

King lion with no people,
Roaring enough to shake
Leaves, if there were, from trees,
Now breaking, and now making
Silence, portentous, alone.

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G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS

The British Monarchy

Continued from page 27

able, but he alone interpreted his role according to his own best judgment.

In evaluating him as a person his biographer suffers from being commissioned by the royal family. How is an author to present a three-dimensional human being and still remain within the rigid canons of court propriety? Even Mr. Nicolson, with all his skill, cannot solve the problem. This book lacks his usual sparkle, particularly in the early chapters; they describe the Prince's life before 1910 in a tone of almost sentimental piety. But the narrative completely changes character at the King's accession, when he was dumped abruptly into the boiling waters of faction; the dramatic climax of the book, as of the reign, is the years 1910-14. The story thereafter is less exciting on the surface, but it holds the reader's attention to the end.

King George, if he had been in private life, would have been an unpromising subject for biography. He was not an intellectual or even a cosmopolitan; foreigners bored him. His imagination was weak and his temper strong. He remained for years an arrested adolescent, dependent upon "Motherdear"; and in later life he could do little to help his own sons mature. He was, in short, a man whom no one could call great. Yet he filled a great position as well as anyone could have filled it. His very ordinariness was his strength.

This paradox is the fascination of the reign, and Mr. Nicolson does it justice. His real hero is not the monarch, but monarchy. He is therefore able to move within the confining walls of Sandringham and Buckingham Palace and still develop a larger theme, the democratizing of an institution. That strange process had gained such support by the time King George died, in 1936, that not even the storm of an abdication could shake the throne. George VI continued in his father's patient footsteps, and has now passed on to his daughter a modernized crown. [Doubleday & Co. 569 pp. $7.50.]

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

THE I'S HAVE IT

Fannie Gross of Asheville, North Carolina, presents twenty titles of autobiographies, mostly contemporary. Can you pick their authors from the list on the right? Allowing five points for each correct tie-up, a score of sixty is so-so, seventy good, and eighty or better excellent. Answers on page 40.

1. Arrow in the Blue	( ) Conrad Aiken
2. Challenging Years	( ) Consuelo Vanderbilt Balsan
3. Persons and Places	( ) Carl Sandburg
4. The Summing Up	( ) Whittaker Chambers
5. Trial and Error	( ) John Erskine
6. Days of Our Years	( ) Clarence Day
7. A Peculiar Treasure	( ) Agnes de Mille
8. American Doctor's Odyssey	( ) Edna Ferber
9. The Seven Storey Mountain	( ) Sidney Franklin
10. Life With Father	( ) James Norman Hall
11. My Sister and I	( ) Victor G. Heiser
12. Always the Young Strangers	( ) Friedrich Nietzsche
13. Witness	( ) Somerset Maugham
14. The Glitter and the Gold	( ) George Santayana
15. Ushant	( ) Thomas Merton
16. Brain Surgeon	( ) Stephen Wise
17. Bullfighter from Brooklyn	( ) William Sharpe
18. My Island Home	( ) Arthur Koestler
19. Dance to the Piper	( ) Pierre van Paassen
20. The Memory of Certain Persons	( ) Chaim Weizmann

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Old Political Club in Westminster

By Thomas P. Peardon

Dr. Peardon, professor of government at Barnard College, hails the first American edition of a standard work on "THE BRITISH PARLIAMENT," *by* STRATHEARN GORDON.

THE British Parliament is deservedly the most famous and most respected of all representative assemblies. And never was it more worthy of study and imitation than at the present time. It survived the test of World War II better than it had stood the strains of World War I. It gave way less to nationalist hysteria, called the Executive to account more effectively, debated more calmly, and was more watchful of the rights of citizen and alien. In the summer of 1940, with German airplanes overhead every day and German invaders expected almost every hour, it devoted a whole day to criticizing the Government for its blunders and cruelties in the roundup of enemy aliens. After 1945 it adapted itself to the partial socialization of England as easily as after 1832 it had adapted itself to an era of middle-class reform. It is no wonder that so many people today are interested in how Parliament works, that more and more people go to hear its debates, and that more and more books about it are published.

It is to satisfy this interest that Strathearn Gordon, librarian of the House of Commons since 1950, has written "The British Parliament," of which the fourth English edition is the first to be published in the United States. It is difficult to see how anyone could have done a better job of explaining Parliament. Mr. Gordon's account is lucid, accurate, spiced with appropriate anecdotes, and supported by concrete examples of general principles. It not only tells us in words what a two-line whip is, but also gives an actual specimen of one. There are numerous photographs, charts, and tables. The range of information conveyed is remarkable. For example, there is a glossary of parliamentary terms in common use as well as a whole series of appendices giving the composition of the House of Lords and House of Commons at various dates, a list of prime ministers since 1715, and a table of the number of private members' bills that are passed. The curious reader can learn from this book how many times the House has been "counted out" for lack of a quorum, how many questions are asked of ministers in each session, what were the longest speeches ever delivered in Parliament, and how many divisions have resulted in an equal number of votes for each side. There is even a plan of the Palace of Westminster where Parliament meets.

"The British Parliament" is not, however, an encyclopedia or a work given over to the merely picturesque. It is mainly concerned with explaining the functions of Parliament and the way in which those functions are performed. Nothing emerges more clearly from this analysis than the importance of mere procedure. People who have no sense for the conduct of affairs are apt to regard such matters as dull or picayune, or as a web of technicalities spun to delay the transaction of business. But Bentham saw in the formulation of rules of procedure "the original seed-plot of English liberty." Mr. Gordon is in full agreement with this judgment. Therefore he has taken special care to explain just how Parliament proceeds about its day-to-day business. He is remarkably successful not only in tracing procedure to its origins, but also in giving the reasons why things are done as they are. This is only one of the many things he does so well. No better introduction to Parliament has appeared for many years. [Frederick A. Praeger. 247 pp. $4.75.]

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THE Grove Press is a young publishing house that is coming up in the world with an increasingly interesting list. On my desk is a representative batch of Grove books that includes George Lillo's "The London Merchant" ($1.25); "John Skelton, a Selection from his Poems" ($1.75), edited by Vivian de Sola Pinto; "Selected Writings of the Ingenious Mrs. Aphra Behn" ($3), introduced by Robert Phelps; Matthew Lewis's "The Monk" ($4.75), printed from the original text, with variant readings, and an introduction by John Berryman; "To the Happy Few" ($5), selected letters of Stendhal, translated by Norman Cameron, introduced by Emmanuel Boudot-Lamotte; and three of George Eliot's novels nicely boxed —"The Mill on the Floss," "Adam Bede," and "Middlemarch" ($2.50 each).

Lillo's play, which dramatizes the ruin of George Barnwell by a female monster of iniquity named Millwood, is of more historical than literary value; yet, for all its moral simplicity and technical crudity, a certain literary value is still there—as Bonamy Dobrée recognizes in his introduction to the Grove edition. Allardyce Nicoll tells us that when it was presented in 1731, "the town came somewhat dubiously to it, sneering at 'the presumption of the author, in hoping to make them sympathize in the sorrows of any man beneath the rank of an emperor, king or statesman,' but a few days showed that its success was assured." The middle class had moved on to the stage, and has not been dislodged since, although it has had to give some elbow-room to the proletariat.

Like Lillo, Mrs. Behn was a pioneer, a breaker of new ground. She has been called "the first of the modern women," and she was certainly the first lady of Grub Street. With her plays she gave the crowd what it wanted, while her "novels"—really short stories—and those of her writing sisters who tagged at her heels, whetted a public appetite for fiction that was soon to be satisfied by novelists whose art would leave hers far behind. The Grove collection contains four of her stories, including "The Fair Jilt," in which Miranda proves hardly less fatal than Lillo's Millwood; one play, "The Dutch Lover," wherein Mrs. Behn indulges her fondness for a tangled dramatic skein; and some samples of her verse.

John Skelton, too, broke fresh ground—or at least invited the contempt of his contemporaries by cultivating in new ground "forms and points of view that were associated in the mind of his age with lack of dignity and restraint" (see Berdan's "Early Tudor Poetry"). But his innovations did not bear fruit. The best Skeltonic verse is still Skelton's own, and a little of it will go a long way with most modern readers, for its hard-fisted beat soon tires the ear. Mr. de Sola Pinto's selection contains a fair sampling of the celebrated satires, and some shorter poems.

MATT Lewis's sensational Gothic tale of lust and horror, incest, murder, and arson, is worthy of its enduring fame. It is the work of a very queer duck of an author who sincerely loved gore, sexual violence, and the reek of the charnel house; of an author whom we can hardly believe when he assures his father, after the scandalous success of his novel, "it never struck me, that the exhibition of vice, in her temporary triumph, might possibly do as much harm as her final exposure and punishment would do good." But "The Monk" is also, during its best moments, charged with extraordinary power: a power that is almost incredible when we realize that it was exercised by a novelist of only nineteen.

Mr. Berryman calls it "one of the authentic prodigies of English fiction," and the description is just—but it should not lead us to overlook the profound shaping influence that a half-dozen and more sensational German writers, and at least one Frenchman, had on the young author.

Stendhal's letters make lively reading and bring us as close as we can come to a man who delighted in masks and mystifications. Here, to borrow phrases that Barbey d'Aurevilly has used in another connection, we have not *"la lettre morte de son talent et de son âme,"* but *"réellement la lettre vivante."* And in the box that holds George Eliot's novels we have one of the best written in English—"Middlemarch."

From The British Book Centre: "Myths and Legends of Ancient Egypt" ($2.50), by Lewis Spence.

—BEN RAY REDMAN.

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The Myth of America in Europe

Continued from page 12

admiration. Further it is clear that, for all the exaggerations, these myths old and new call attention to traits in our culture of which Europeans have been no more aware than our home-grown critics of American civilization from Thoreau to Lewis Mumford. We are prone, as no one knows better than historians of American thought, to exaggerate the originality or the stature on a world scale of our thinking or our art. No Europeans could be more critical of the smugnesses or mediocrities or falsities in our civilization than our novelists, some of whom have for that reason, like Sinclair Lewis, become widely read among European intellectuals and not necessarily among intellectuals alone. But the stereotypes current about us on the European continent are nonetheless fanciful when not downright false.

With all our attempts at cultural diffusion of what is sound and true about us, we have not succeeded, I think, in impressing certain elementary outlines of ourselves. There is an "American way" which is less a matter of chauvinism than what generally goes under that slogan. It is the way of what happens to European ideas and ways of thought on the American continent. Everyone knows that Emerson was not an original thinker in the profound and original way in which, say, Plato or Spinoza was. German and English romantics played no small part in the forming of the Emersonian tone. On the other hand, no one conversant with European writing would ever mistake Emerson for a Continental writer. The note is transcendentalist and Platonic, but it is also that of New England in the mid-nineteenth century. It is the voice of a man who is at once Platonist and pioneer, who knows the East but has his eyes turned to the West.

In the same way, our materialism, our mechanism, our empiricism have been often gravely misunderstood and their moral incidence misinterpreted, as have our alleged worship of success and our surrender to mediocrity. Machinery may be the means of enslavement; it may also be the instrument of liberty, of liberation of the spirit of man for other than the requirements of food and shelter and the domestic economy of life. Machinery means leisure, and leisure is the source of spiritual freedom. Even the gadgeteering of which we are accused is the technique of a society which without a servant or a servile class would provide civilized conditions of living for all.

IT is all very well to say that much of the recent suspicion of our culture and ourselves is a form of envy of our power and our wealth. I think the fears come in part at least from something psychologically deeper and sounder and more creditable. When Georges Duhamel called his very superficial and acrid sketch of American life "Scènes de la Vie Future" his title was an apt index to a great deal of European feeling about America: because we started relatively fresh, with less of the rigidity of an inherited past than Europe, the tendencies of the time to come, the contour of the future, are more clearly seen among us. Europeans fear and condemn in us what they already fear and condemn in themselves. *The Reader's Digest* is now the most popular magazine in France in its French form, *Sélection*. The experiment of mass education is developing in Europe too. There was a time in Europe when the American dream of liberty, of equality, of a decent and abundant life for all was most persuasive. It has become less persuasive as America has come to look like a monolith of big industry and a Leviathan of mechanized power. Disturbing echoes, too, reach Europe of a fear of the new in this allegedly new country, of a turning back of the clock, of a timidity about what was supposed to be the most precious of American possessions: Liberty. I do not think cultural relations officers, educational films, even the most distinguished of visiting American scholars and writers or able and attentive students can change all these anxieties and distastes. But the first step in correcting some of the canards about us is to try to realize the elements of truth which these distortions are nourished by, and the impulse among Europeans to such distortions that come when we wave the flag in chauvinistic announcements that ours alone is the kingdom, as sometimes and not always unwittingly we do. Perhaps when we

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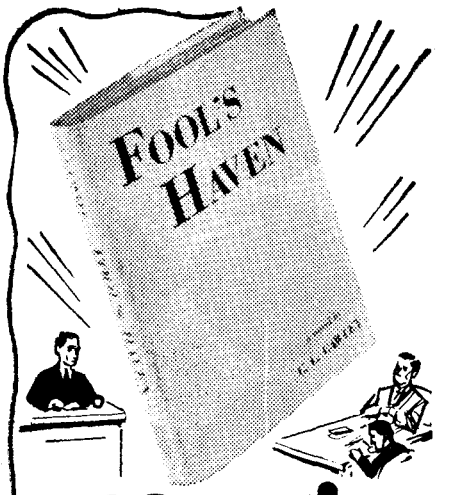

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learn not to raise our voices but to speak firmly in the accents of our own spirit, we may once more come to mean in Europe what some of the best things in our tradition have meant in the past: the voice of a generous hope and of adventurous learning, of thinking ever curious and experimenting, and a profound faith in the individual soul and its potential for beauty and truth.

IN THE early nineteenth century not only American orators used on the Fourth of July to talk of America as the light of the world. A great many poets and revolutionary leaders agreed with them. Now disturbing reports reach Europe, not without foundation in fact, that we have become suspicious of the new or of the changing, that rigidity and a cult of the fixed and habitual are by way of becoming epidemic in a country that was once marked by experimentation in society as well as industry and that cherished above all the liberty of men to speak in their own accents and to be themselves. Official statements about democracy will impress no one if our examples of it are infrequent or faltering. The attention of the world is necessarily focused upon us, and Europeans would be happy indeed once again to see America as the last best hope of earth. It is partly a matter of public relations; partly of the public record. Our best self has always been admired in Europe; the news will spread like wildfire whenever we become it again. Our faults and our limitations will then be both better understood and more easily forgiven. Our educational mediocrity? But what other country has tried to educate everyone? Our obsession with material expansion and development? But what other country has been so tempted by its great resources and its epidemic ingenuity? The spirit in each individual come to actuality, that has been the deepest American ideal. It is still living, and if we do not kill it by fear, by stereotype, by speed, by standardization, it may once more, more than our material resources, reinspirit Europe and other continents as well.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fact & Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
MURDER UNLIMITED *M. V. Heberden* (Crime Club: $2.50)	Multiple N. Y. killings tie into master plan as Desmond Shannon, pvt. eye, runs multiple risks.	Somewhat overpopulated, and culprit takes fantastic chances, but interest holds.	Plus mark
MUTED MURDER *Sally Sinclair* Arcadia: $2.50)	Southern gal grows up, learns of mom's ancient murder, sets about solution.	Artless performance, but has some pace; solution orthodox.	Unhot
THE CANVAS COFFIN *William Campbell Gault* (Dutton: $2.50)	West Coast pug blacks out after bout, is alibiless in model's death.	Premise somewhat strained; fight crowd runs plot ragged.	Over-chatty
THE LONG WINDOW *John M. Eshleman* (Washburn: $2.50)	Lady lush, S.F. area, found strangled; Lieut. Larry Kohalik interviews possibles.	Unusual end-play; action fine in spots, too much chat elsewhere.	He'll top this
LATE FOR THE FUNERAL *D. and D. Stapleton* (Arcadia: $2.50)	Bridegroom overcome by kitchen tragedy; cops wonder; other deaths ensue.	Many switcheroos, some guessable; preposterous, but handling nice in spots.	Try again, fellows
KILLER LOOSE! *Genevieve Holden* (Crime Club: $2.50)	Dixie gal and nephew in pickle as radio, cops warn of escaped maniac.	Overstressing of details slows action; dénouement not too happy.	Should beat this
LET THE DEAD PAST *John Stephen Strange* (Crime Club: $2.50)	N.Y. woman faces court on 17-year-old rap: defenestration of boy friend.	Trial takes up most of yarn; ending as obvious as unlikely.	Hot and cold

—SERGEANT CUFF.

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NEW YORK CITY IS LOTS MORE FUN when you stay at the VANDERBILT and enjoy the extra advantages of a truly fine hotel . . . central location, superb service and accommodations. HOTEL VANDERBILT offers 7 different, 3-day, all-expense weekends from $10.43 per person; including twin-bed rooms with private bath, breakfast in bed or in the famed Palm Garden Restaurant, and your choice of nightclubbing or sightseeing. Write for booklet AE, HOTEL VANDERBILT, Park Ave., at 34 St., NYC.

MAKE MELLOW MUSIC IMMEDIATELY with lovely imported pearwood Recorder. Perfect intonation. Not a toy. $14.50 complete. COOPER MUSICo. 63 East Grand Ave., Chicago, Illinois.

IF ANY ASPIRING poet or poetess will correspond with Harcourt, Brace & Company, 383 Madison Ave., NYC 17, enclosing $2.95, the publishers will respond by sending, postpaid, MELVILLE CANE'S brilliant inquiry into the creative process: "Making A Poem." A valuable guide to the craft of poetry, this unusual book shows the steps by which a distinguished poet conceives and completes his poems.

GENTEEL YALE LAW STUDENT desires sublet small furnished apartment, Manhattan. June 1—September 1. References. Box P-255.

CULTURED, attractive voice-personality-diction teacher seeks summer position. References. Box P-253.

(*Continued on page 42*)

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PERSONALS

(Continued from page 41)

INTERIOR DECORATING AND SHOPPING SERVICES for your home, office, country home, ranch home, etc. For consultation, Telephone SChuyler 4-7108 or DEwey 9-6094 (NYC).

COUNSELOR, personable, elementary school teacher, art background, available for hotel, day camp. Telephone TWining 6-1034 (NYC). Box P-251.

BACHELOR, middle-aged, seeks co-driver for leisurely motor trip through New England. July or August. Write Box P-244.

VISITING ENGLAND? *Private home in Coronation* Village within easy distance London, Oxford, Stratford, offers comfortable country living—sightseeing, board and lodging inclusive. Let us drive you around places you would like to see. Good cooking—low rates—book for a weekend or for the summer—students welcomed. Reply Box P-245.

PH.D., professor, seeks teaching or research, sociology or humanities. Box P-241.

NEGRO GIRL, graduate student, English major, knowledge of shorthand, typing, bookkeeping, Seeks position anywhere. Box P-239.

REFINED, MATURE WIDOW, *unencumbered, qualified;* desires position—School Office, Clinic Receptionist, Church Secretary—Baptist, or Housemother. Box P-238.

COLLEGE GIRL desires summer farm work anywhere in country. P.O. Box 103, *Baltimore 3, Maryland.*

ENGLISH TEACHER, male, single, high school—college experience, desires position as companion, tutor, teacher, editing; any congenial employment. Box P-235.

AUTOGRAPHS, 1871-1895: General Sherman, Stanley (Livingston), McKinley, Harrison; Melba, Bernhardt, Russell, Terry, Maurice Barrymore. Extraordinary list, private collection. Box P-234.

100 LOUVRE MASTERPIECES. 2 x 2 inch natural-color projection slides of famous paintings, 20¢ each. Impossible? Send 25¢ in coin for sample and titles. MODERN ENTERPRISES, 7124 Delongpre Ave., Hollywood 46, California.

SUMMER EMPLOYMENT SOUGHT, anywhere, male graduate student, References. Box P-261.

VETERAN, COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY SENIOR seeks full or part-time secretarial position. Personable, energetic, capable. Box P-262.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

IN TRYON, NORTH CAROLINA, "Accessible Isolation"—*Cosmopolitan, cultural community.* A year-round home of 3 bedrooms, 2 baths, large living room, kitchen, studio and workshop. Terraced gardens, flowering shrubs, virgin timber of hemlock, spruce, beech, oak, etc. Mountain stream cascades into pool site. 38 acres afford privacy. Exceptional value. RICHARDSON & KARSTEN, Realtors, Tryon, North Carolina. Brokers cooperation invited.

APARTMENTS FOR RENT

COMPLETELY NEW, *5-room apartment in renovated* mill, Brookfield, Connecticut. Excellent opportunity for competent experienced person to run small eating *project on ground floor when completed.* Box N-901.

THE EXCITEMENT OF NEW YORK combined with the charm of patrician Murray Hill at the DRYDEN HOTEL. Walking distance to the UN, Grand Central, *Fifth Avenue* shops, theatres, restaurants. Spacious 1½ and 2½ room suites, serving pantries, air conditioning, complete, efficient hotel services. REASONABLE RATES. TV and radio available. DRYDEN HOTEL, 150 East 39 St., NYC. ORegon 9-3900.

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY APARTMENT available June 15—Labor Day. 415 West 115 St., 52, NYC.

SHOP FOR SALE

ENCHANTING BOOK STORE FOR SALE. Twice mentioned in Trade Winds. Small but flourishing. Established 15 years same owner. 10 months season. In heart of town. All this and Palm Springs too. Reason for selling: Belated Honeymoon. For details write Box 175, Palm Springs, California.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Sale

IDEAL YEAR-ROUND HOME off village street on *mid Cape Cod.* Write for details. Box P-98.

1807 HOUSE and giant sycamore in mid-Jersey village. *Modern conveniences, 2 bedrooms, 1 acre good* Jersey dirt. $7,000 because siding needed. Will empty attic! Box P-252.

A DREAM HOUSE: 4 large rooms, new and modern, in a gorgeous rural setting. $13,500, terms. GEORGE PARES, R.D. 4, Newburgh, N.Y. Telephone UNiversity 4-4277 (NYC).

TWO-BEDROOM BUNGALOW, oil heat, near Pine Crest and village. $13,500. Box 573, Tryon, North Carolina.

TIDEWATER SECTION, VIRGINIA. Many estates, homes, farms, building sites available on and near Chesapeake Bay and its broad estuaries in hunting, boating, fishing country. Equable climate, between north and south. Secluded but easy drive to cities. Ideal for pleasant retired living. Inquiry invited. CAPT. H. C. ROBISON, USN (Ret.), Broker, White Stone, Virginia.

For Summer Rental

COTTAGE, fully furnished for self housekeeping—lawn, garden. Month or season. Complete privacy. Near Tanglewood, Stockbridge Playhouse, Jacob's Pillow. Pilates, Jacob's Ladder, Lee, Massachusetts.

SECLUDED WOODLAND CABIN, ideal for weekends, $225 season. Box 326, Otisville, N.Y.

CHARMING FAMILY COTTAGE, New Hampshire, modest rental, village, near lakes. Box P-247.

BOSTON—COUNTRY IN CITY. Modern house, studio, garden, tennis court, 10 minutes to colleges, theatres, shops. Box P-246.

RANDOLPH, NEW HAMPSHIRE (Presidential Range): 7-room, furnished cottage plus detached study. Reasonable. Box P-243.

SOUTHERN VERMONT brookside village. Apartment complete for 2. $65 monthly. William L. Williams, Williamsville, Vermont.

IN SCENIC BERKSHIRE FOOT HILLS. Writer's comfortably furnished, old-fashioned village home. 6 rooms. All modern conveniences. Porch, vegetable garden, garage. Piano, reference books, writing equipment. Walking distance lake, library, movies, churches, art classes. Music Mountain, 8 miles, Tanglewood, 30. 3 months: $900. References exchanged. Box P-236.

BERKSHIRES, MASSACHUSETTS. Large, *old* homestead, furnished, electrified. June to October, $200. References. Box P-256.

MARTHA'S VINEYARD, Chilmark. Converted barn. Secluded, charming, good furniture but no electricity. *Modern bath. Good beds for 9. Season $400, month* $250. R. C. Josephs, Paradise Ave., Middletown, Rhode Island.

RENT: June, July. Large furnished cottage on unspoiled island off Maine coast. 3 double bedrooms, *maid's room, attic study, wood fireplace, electric* stove and refrigerator. Convenient living in quiet, conservative community. Ideal for writer—children's paradise. Row boat. Box P-264.

TRAVEL

"AMERICAN HISTORY ORIGINS." Travel Course on Wheels, 3 hours college credit. June 29 - July 10. ARNOLD TOURS, 234 Clarendon, Boston, Mass.

VACATIONS

THE WESTTOWN FARM HOUSE, an old-fashioned country inn, 21 miles west of Philadelphia. Beautiful Pennsylvania countryside. Route 926. Excellent meals. Pleasant rooms. In the cultural atmosphere of a Quaker school campus, with library privileges, use of *private lake and tennis courts. Reservations by* week or month, the year around. Marion Weller, Manager, Westtown, Pennsylvania.

THE BARWA CHAIRS await at MUSIC INN in Lenox, Massachusetts.

LATITUDE 43°-46' N., LONGITUDE 69°-19' W. On famous Monhegan Island, THE ISLAND INN, Monhegan *Plantation, Maine. Booklet?*

SOUTHWIND, Woodbourne, N.Y. Informal adult resort—your choice of activity or inactivity.

VACATIONS

CORNWALL, VERMONT, GUESTHOUSE, 8 miles to Middlebury. Excellent food and accommodations. Virginia Graham.

HATHAWAY LODGE, the luxury lodge for adults. Formerly the palatial 592-acre Macy estate "In the Hills of the Sky." Luxurious rooms, many with open fireplaces. Magnificent mountain trails for hiking and horseback riding. Golf and tennis, recordings, ping-pong, library, informal dancing. Superb American-Jewish cooking. Easy transportation. Attractive spring rates. For reservations or booklets: HATHAWAY LODGE, Haines Falls, N.Y. Telephone Tan*nersville* 299.

LIKE THE COUNTRY? Come to Graymont, a Colo*nial farmhouse. Good food. R. D. 2, Middlebury,* Vermont.

KANDAHAR LODGE, Manchester, Vermont. Elevation 2,000 feet. Private swimming. Sports. Restful. Friendly informality. Delicious food. Folder.

DECORATION DAY AT SEVEN HILLS: Musical audience-participation program, all sports in season, Continental cuisine, pleasing accommodations. Nat & Larry Howitt, SEVEN HILLS, Lenox, Massachusetts.

TANGLEWOOD MUSIC FESTIVAL is just across the road from AVALOCH, a country inn at Lenox, Massachusetts. Write AVALOCH, Dept. B, Lenox, Massachusetts for *illustrated folder.* Telephone Lenox 41.

GREEN SHADOWS, Old Lyme, Connecticut. Quiet informal country life; good food, comfortable beds.

VERMONT VACATION on Lake Hortonia. Informal, not rustic, late breakfasts, buffet luncheons, gourmet foods. Summer sports. SUDBURY INN, Sudbury, Vermont.

CANDLELIGHT FARMS INN—Country living at its best on an 800-acre farm estate. Good food, attractive accommodations with private baths. Write Box 113, New Milford, Connecticut.

CHANTERWOOD, Lee, Massachusetts. Unique mountain lake resort. Rustic Lodge and Cabins midway *to Tanglewood, Jacob's Pillow, Berkshire Playhouse.* Wonderful food, moderate rates, informal. Excellent swimming, rowing, canoeing on two connected lakes 3 miles long. *Weekend or vacation. Tennis, Croquet,* Ping-pong, other sports right on our grounds. Folder S.

Berkshires, SUN-INSIDE, Monterey, Massachusetts. French cuisine, lovely rooms, beautiful country. AAA Recommended.

TUILAUVENT—Ideal for restful weekends and vacations. Beautiful countryside. Fishing, boating, swimming nearby, also Play Houses. Artists welcomed. Moderate rates. Maple Road. Brewster, N.Y. BRewster 9-3154.

MERRIERBROOK, Poughquag, N.Y. Tempting meals. Quiet. Adults only. North Clove 2421.

OK, so you want a package plan—full week, including room, meals, golf, tennis, swimming, bicycling, theatre, movies, mountain tour, cookout, $57.50. For details WHITNEY'S, Jackson, New Hampshire.

LOG CABINS IN THE PINES. Swimming, Tennis, excellent food. NOKOMIS CAMPS, Surry, Maine.

ALONE? Why not live in this beautiful Connecticut town summers or year round? Charming cottages *or attractive rooms. Full hotel service.* Excellent food. $55 per week and up. HAWLEY MANOR, Newtown, Connecticut.

COLONIAL CHARM midst wooded Litchfield Hills, Trout stream. Casual, intimate; luscious food. Swimming, riding, golf nearby—country auctions—summer theatre—Tanglewood Festival. LEWIS & MARY FISHER, Bantam, Connecticut.

Four-week WATERCOLOR class starts July 13. Stanford Stevens (A.W.S.), Pastita 156, GUANAJUATO, Mexico.

RANCH HOME, 18 miles north of Santa Fe, New Mexico. Quiet, informal atmosphere for vacation or creative work. $65 per week, American Plan. Faith Wait, Route 1, Box 235.

HAVENSIDE INN, *Vineyard Haven, Martha's Vine*yard Island, Massachusetts. 1½ hours La Guardia, twice daily. Waterfront, private beach, shady lawns. Restful, quiet, indoor and out. 5-minute walk to village, movies.

PINE COVE CAMP, Hiram, Maine—40 miles from Portland. Beautiful lake, sandy beach. Furnished housekeeping cabins, 1 to 5 persons. June 10 through Labor Day. Telephone MUrray Hill 3-1077 (NYC).

SUMMER AT BLUEBERRY HILL! Lucullan food. Wooded walks. Waterfalls. Trout. Nothing whatever to do. The Mastertons, Brandon, Vermont.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1000

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Honorary "Order" of Great Britain bearing motto "Nemo me impune lacessit."	84 31 142 59 102 3 34
B. Energy associated with minute parts of a body because of their random motions and mutual forces.	45 132 103 29
C. Common auxiliary verb implying obligation.	18 150 127 100 30
D. Conviviality.	41 124 94 7 131
E. Member of Draco's court of 51.	152 136 14 81 130 93
F. To atone; make amends.	28 24 71 12 95 153
G. Contemptible.	43 129 141 149 83 118 109 15
H. Conceive a liking for (2 wds.).	46 23 9 128 16 116
I. Cophetua voiced a "royal" one, declaring he'd *marry* the beggar maid.	42 138 13 64
J. What Byron's "small drop of ink" fell upon "like dew," "to make millions think."	47 148 85 88 20 90 26
K. Famous epithet for New York by James Bone in "The Manchester Guardian" (with "City of Dreadful").	48 61 101 68 17 92
L. Lochinvar's river; initials familiar to all Double-Crostickers.	5 55 104
M. Mrs. Kingsley's home till last fall.	72 160 25 53 112 78 1 19 38 120
N. Prominent family wh. included author of the "Rollo" books, editor of "Outlook," etc.	82 155 40 135 63 107
O. Mischievous.	73 157 35 8 159 60
P. Skillful.	140 162 126 147
Q. Followed by Word S, common name in U.S. for the plant *Hedera helix*.	54 74 44 111 106 39 77
R. Character in Greek mythology whose blood poisoned the shirt of an *unhappy* man.	139 105 146 133 67 121
S. See Word Q.	51 6 86
T. Mrs. Kingsley's home before she went to live in Word M.	52 137 89 37 125 65 123
U. Himalayan beardless wild goat.	154 110 69 117
V. The old spinster in "House of the Seven Gables."	27 144 97 33 4 113 122 119
W. Sudden turn in the course of a river.	32 134 80 87 57
X. Poetic for the sun (3 wds.).	2 49 11 66 115 161 145 158
Y. Second, and favorite, wife of Mohammed.	70 79 114 62 21 98
Z. Three-hand card game popular in Europe.	108 50 91 99
Z¹. This day of May (comp.).	76 151 75 10 56 156 22 36 58 96 143

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

	1 M	2 X	3 A	4 V	5 L	6 S	7 D		8 O		9 H	10 Z¹	11 X	12 F		13 I
14 E	15 G		16 H	17 K	18 C	19 M	20 J	21 Y	22 Z¹		23 H	24 F	25 M		26 J	27 V
28 F	29 B		30 C	31 A	32 W		33 V	34 A	35 O	36 Z¹	37 T	38 M	39 Q		40 N	41 D
42 I	43 G	44 Q	45 B	46 H		47 J	48 K	49 X		50 Z	51 S	52 T	53 M	54 Q	55 L	56 Z¹
	57 W	58 Z¹	59 A	60 O	61 K	62 Y		63 N	64 I	65 T	66 X	67 R	68 K	69 U		70 Y
71 F		72 M	73 O	74 Q	75 Z¹		76 Z¹	77 Q	78 M	79 Y		80 W	81 E	82 N	83 G	
84 A	85 J		86 S	87 W	88 J		89 T	90 J	91 Z	92 K	93 E	94 D	95 F	96 Z¹		97 V
98 Y	99 Z	100 C		101 K		102 A	103 B	104 L	105 R		106 Q	107 N		108 Z	109 G	110 U
111 Q	112 M		113 V	114 Y		115 X	116 H	117 U		118 G	119 V	120 M		121 R	122 V	123 T
124 D		125 T	126 P		127 C	128 H	129 G	130 E	131 D	132 B		133 R	134 W	135 N	136 E	137 T
	138 I	139 R	140 P		141 G	142 A	143 Z¹	144 V		145 X	146 R		147 P	148 J	149 G	150 C
	151 Z¹	152 E	153 F	154 U		155 N	156 Z¹		157 O	158 X		159 O	160 M	161 X	162 P	

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 15 of this issue.

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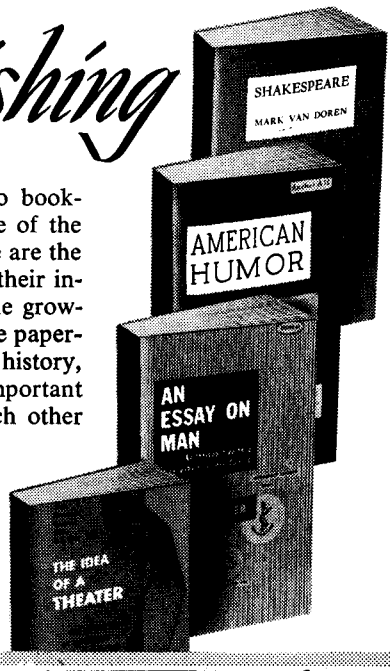
A New Adventure in Publishing



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